

# HUXTER PUGK...



and Other Poems.

L. A. MARTIN.



L. A. MARTIN.

# \*\* HUXTER \* PUGK

AND OTHER POEMS.

By L. A. MARTIN,

Author of "Hallowe'en and Other Poems," "Random Flashes," Etc.

58538-2

Nulla palma sine pulvere.

PUBLISHED BY
THE GOOD WAY PUBLISHING HOUSE,
CHILLICOTHE, MO.
1895.

PS 2364 . M874 H8

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1894.

By L. A. MARTIN,

in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.



#### ... Dedication ...

To My Good Friend,

### M. P. Gilchrist

of Butte City, Montana,

Formerly Editor of the "Chillicothe Constitution" and County School Commissioner of Livingston County, Mo..

#### THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

with

the kindest regards and compliments

of

THE AUTHOR.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
From mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.

-Burns

#### ... Preface ...

This volume contains nearly all the poems of my school days that were left out of "Hallowe'en and Other Poems." It was the intention to publish this work first, but on account of a difficulty with the printer to whom the work was let, it was necessarily delayed. There is little need of any Preface to the first parts, for to many of the pieces I have appended notes which take its place. Most of the pieces are more local than those contained in my previous publications. In many of them are allusions to places, persons and incidents of our own county and state. I do not think this can detract aught from the general interest,—

For why should not Missouri be the land Of inspired song and happy minstrelsy, When every heart is but a smouldering brand Of burning passion,—throbbing wild and free To burst in song, and breathe from chords of fire A strain immortal from her unstruck lyre?

The principal story in this book, Huxter Puck, is divided into five parts. Huxter Puck was a Missouri boy, born in this county some few miles North of Chilliuothe. As he was living not more than a quarter of a century ago, some of our older inhabitants may doubtless remember him. The first three parts of "his Epic" I wrote while attanding school at Columbia, Mo. I finished the third part in the spring of 1888. At that time the whole school, from President down to Janitor, were going wild on the "Germ Theory of Disease"

The incidious and festive microbe, was a subject of great interest in all the departments. At some of the fashionable churches, the danger of his presence in the Communion Cup was discussed, and preventive measures recommended. Dozens of sermons were preached against kissing, for the reason that it was a means of spreading the germs. As they claimed some originality in their ideas, local pride compelled me to show them, that even so much as twenty years back, an uneducated boy from Livingston county was familiar with the whole theory, and practiced a remedy more effective than any which they explained, or which Science has yet discov-The last two parts, with some alterations and corrections in the first three, have been written since I left school. Many parts of his story no doubt may give offense to some who are over-sensitive, but when the whole is read and considered, the careful Reader will not fail to find a meaning in his Philosophy, worthy "to point the moral of a tale" to the Missouri reader, he cannot fail to be of great interest, who will doubtless close his story with a sigh of pity for the brave wayward heart who, despite all his errors, cherished a patriotic love for his Native State, beneath whose Blue Grass Sod he now sleeps, hard by the beautiful city he so tenderly loved. THE AUTHOR.

### ... Contents ...

BO	YHOOD VERSES.	Page.
	The Student to the Star	11
	Books	14
	Two Scenes	15
	Take this Letter to My Sister	16
	The Rose and the Violet	16
	The Snow	17
	A Fountain	18
	The Drops of Time	19
	A New Tombstone	23
	Emerson's Essays	25
	Love is a Tear	<b>2</b> 6
	The Irish Exile's Adieu	26
)C(	CASIONAL VERSES.	
	Some Words of Love are Spoken, Too	29
	Ludus Ante Operem	31
	The G. A. R. Toast	32
	A Picture of Life	35
	The Story of Home	36
	Adieu to an Old Friend	37
	Shipwrecked	38
	In Memory of the Dead	40
	Missouri	42
	A Laugh	44
	For Ellen's Sake	45
	Auburn and Gold	47
	To Hattie	49

	۰	
v		

#### CONTENTS.

To Rose	52		
To Lora	53		
QUAINT VERSES.			
Hayseed	57		
Wisdom Versus Vanity	58		
The Temperance Society	59		
Long Ears	62		
Against the Grain	63		
The Mule's Ear	63		
Never County Your Chickens in the Egg	65		
THE FARMER'S ROMANCE	67		
THE SEVEN WOOERS			
THE VALE OF ARCOVA	87		
HUXTER PUCK			
Part I	99		
Part II	113		
Part III	135		
Part IV	167		
Part V			



# Boyhood Verses.

There are things of which I may not speak!

There are dreams that cannot die!

There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,

And bring a pallor upon the cheek,

And a mist before the eye,

And the words of that fatal song

Come over me like a chill:

"A boy's will is the will;

And the thoughts of worth are long long thoughts?"

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Longfellow.



#### THE STUDENT TO THE STAR.1

Oh star, that in your sphere doth shine!
Oh how thou'rt in my soul enshrined!
Oh what a gulf between us lay!
Oh how I wish I found the way,
That I might soar on pinions bright
To thy abode of starry light;
And leave this frigid earth so cold,
With its dull wildness—sere—and old;
And come to thee, my lovely star,
Where all thy starry beauties are!

NOTE 1. The poems of this division were written before 1884. Most of them were written and read as school compositions. It was the custom, that occasionally each pupil should write a composition. I never could write a decent prose composition, but in verse I could do fairly well guided by the jingle of the rhyme. The meter seemed to be a sort of measure, by which I could gauge the budding idea and not let it overflow. During this time of my life, I was a diligent reader of books, but to my sorrow I never found a sufficient supply. At home during my boyhood the only books I had opportunity to read were one of Carrollton's novels and Mooney's History of Ireland, the latter work I very nearly memorized, and the speeches of O'Connell, Curran, Grattan and Sheil were as familiar to me as some of the melodies of Moore, which were contained in that work. However I borrowed books of every one and read them with avidity. My first benefactor in this regard was Rev. James Gilbert of this county, then plain "Jim Gilbert" as kindly hearted a man as ever was hero in the great drama of unnoted human generousity, not found in books. It seemed his delight to always be urging boys to have aspirations upward, and seemed never to weary in giving them the benefit of his suggestions and help. The first poems I ever studied were Adelaide Proctor's. They awoke a desire in me to write verse, and from that time I studied poetry with the greatest interest. In 1880 Dr. J. B. Freeman, now of Wheeling, Mo., loaned me a large illustrated edition of Byron's poems. I returned it shortly, and on his asking me how much of it I had read, was surprised when I told him I read it On talking with me, he discovered that I had read it very carefully. He then gave me another book to read and told me to be always free to help myself to his library. I availed myself to the fullest extent of his kindness, and owe him a lasting debt of gratitude

To me thou art a guiding lamp,
My aspirations never damp,
When I to thee do turn my sight;
And see thy silvery sweetness bright,
And think, what vast and boundless space
Beholds the beauties of thy face?
And yet, thy humble sweetness shines
In all thy might and power sublime,
As though thou wert the feeble glow,
That's seen, from this dark orb, below;
While all thy splendor's glorious tint
Is seen throughout the firmament;
The blue arched vault hath not a nook
But where is seen thy humble look;

for his interest in me, and kindness in that respect. My next benefactor in supplying me with books was Mrs. Maria L. Baker of Wheeling, Mo. In 1883, I taught her district school in Linn Co. She was a cultured woman, and at that time lived a retired life with her daughter and two sons on her farm four miles North East of Wheeling. She had a magnificent library, and discovering my eager desire for books, she kindly gave me freest access to its volumes, and gave me the benefit of her experience in selecting them. Her son Fred, now a lawyer in Los Angelos, California, was at that time just home from college, and for seven months we were associated together in warmest friendship. We passed a sort of Acadian time after business hours, as retired philosophers or as ambitious students contemplating literary careers, while wondering through the beautiful woodland groves, west of his mother's home, a place more romantic than Horace's famed groves of Banzi, by the sounding Aufidus. Of all my teachers, who interested themselves in my literary pursuits, one specially deserves mention, Miss Katle Wright, now Mrs, Joseph Watson of Chillicothe. She taught our district school in 1877, and by a great deal of coaxing, induced me to study English Grammar, a study against which I had a natural prejudice which I have not yet over come. However under her instructions I did very well, for I went "through the book" as the saying is in one term. She taught me the rules of Prosody, and showed me the beauties of yerse. This gave a new impetus to my rhyming aspirations. Other teachers that I cannot help but to kindly remember here, are F. K. Thompson and C. R. J. McInturif of Chillicothe, Mo.: M, F. Patterson of Hannibal, Mo., and I. E. Wilson of Mexico, Mo. To each I owe a debt of gratitude, and the verdict of mature manhood on their work must be, 'Each did his duty well."

Still sweetly smiling; but what might Is veiled behind thy feeble light?

Of thee I think, and, all my dreams
Do wander with thy humble beams.
I hail thee when the orb of day
Has passed beyond the Western ray;
I welcome thy sweet loving smile,
As friend, returned from long exile.

My soul doth oft its glances cast
To thy abode in boundless vast,
And, as its glances towards thee linger
My soul and thee do intermingle;
And like thee it doth strive to wear
Thy humble smile in joy or care;
Which veils the greatness of thy place
Behind a kind and humble face;
And like thee, smile the same on all,
That dwell in cot or kingly hall;
As thou in humble radiance far,
Shin's't, just the same on monarch's car,
As on the squalid hovels low
Of starving mortals here below.

Let me thee ever imitate; Thou be my teacher in this state! Then no ambitious craving vain Shall in my aspirations reign, For thou in humble glances mild Will teach thy own devoted child; And show the dangers that do lay Upon life's vain and vaunting way.

Oh star, to thee I'll turn my gaze
When treading strange Ambition's ways!

Then send thy humble glances nigh. And all its dangers swift will fly; Thus watch me ever where I dwell, My humble star, now fare thee well!

#### BOOKS.

In books, there is a pleasure,—
The brightest purest treasure,
That e'er is known;
Whose beauties are as gay,
As the rose-bloom's blush in May,
When full blown.

In books, there is a friend,
That'll change not to the end.
Of our life;
But is ever kind and dear.
And is ever close and near.
In all strife.

In books, there is a guide.

Who will e'er be by our side,

When we roam;

And will show where dangers lay,

In our paths, where e'er we stray,—

Far from home.

In books, we see the place, Where the soul doth love to trace, Golden waves; And the thoughts of all the great, Who have passed from this low state. To their graves.

#### TWO SCENES.

Two scenes in every act appears,
The opening and the close.
The Lilac and the Orchis die,
Before blooms the bright Rose.

The Rose's bloom in beauty shines,
Alas, but for a day!
Then withering are the blossoms sweet
And fading fast away.

The gay spring breaks with all its bloom Of radiant flowers, so fair, But soon the frigid autumn's frost Sears all its beauties rare.

A noble soul on earth is seen
With warm heart, true and brave,
But look again, where is he now?
Alas, in the cold grave.

O transient life how fleeting soon
Is thy wild drama's call!
The heart begins to love their scenes
When the dred curtains fall.

And thus since Earth's high primal birch, Thy fleeting drama's close, O why clothe with such beauties sweet, That here is so short repose?

#### TAKE THIS LETTER TO MY SISTER !2

April 18-1880.

Take this letter to my sister,
She a mother was to me;
Tenderly her hands did guide me,
O'er youth's early troubled sea.

Care was hers from early childhood,
Years of toil and weary pain;
Oh, may time bring happiest treasure,
That her toil be not in vain.

Take the letter, it will please her, Poorly wrote and feebly wrought; But a sisters eye can fathom Every shadow of a thought.

#### THE ROSE AND THE VIOLET.

May 13-1881.

I sought a flower, it was a Rose,
For pride was in my heart,
And aught, with pride might fain oppose
The lofty spirit's art.

NOTE 2. The above verses I find among my papers in a blank leaf of an old scratch book dated as above. They have no general interest, but I cannot omit them from this collection for the reason that gratitude cannot give sufficient tribute to the one to whom they are addressed. I owe to her whatever I have accomplished in life. She was ever my faithful and unfailing friend. I have fully realized the great blessings of a sister's love, and must class it as one of the sublimest attributes of that faithful, devoted being called woman.

I searched the vale, no Rose I found, With gleaming gorgeous glow; But by a low forsaken mound I spied a Violet low.

At first my heart did scorn its smile,
So lowly did it seem;
But in its modest smile did glow
A radiant tender beam.

seized its stalk, so small, so frail,
I kissed its fragrant cheek;
And pride to tender love did quail,
I loved it 'cause 'twas weak.

Since then, I've thought, if beauty's eye
Should scorn the pompous wile;
What captured hearts would round her lie,
Won by her gentle smile.

#### THE SNOW. 3

The snow flakes fall slowly, the white drifts are strewn, 'Tis a still eve of winter. As sunset of ruin, When Havoc has paused and rage has all flown, Stilled is all breathing and hushed every tone.

Yet Havoc has reigned, and his dire blasts have seared, The verdure, the roses, to lone hearts endeared, And now he recks sorrow to see this sad ruin, So where the flowers moulder the snowdrifts are strewn.

Note 3. No poet ever lived that did not some time in his life, write about the snow. I never wished to make too abrupt a departure from the custom of the craft, so I too in some spare unrecollected moment of my boyhood found poetry in snow, and the above is the idea penned.

Ah, snowdrifts of winter, that hide the dark woe
That his icy hand wrecks on beauty's soft glow,
Meet 'tis for ye to o'erspread the sad sheen,
And break the wierd sadness of Death's sombre gleam.

But all ruin of Havoc ye cannot spread o'er, Though ye mantle the brown earth from ocean to shore. Ah, no there is gloom which the snowdrifts ne'er claim, 'Tis the lone heart's deep burden of worry and pain.

Ah, cruel winter when reaping thy grain,
Why do thy reapers leave some stalks remain?
Better 'twould be that all should lie low
Where thou'st garnered all beauty beneath the deep snow.

#### A FOUNTAIN. 4

There is a fount
Upon a mount,
Where a crystal torrent's tide,
Over pearls and diamonds glide;
Its rising spray,
Throughout the day,
Bathes the lilies by its side,

Its pleasant roar
Doth ever pour,
A rippling song, so glad and free;
'Twould charm thy soul with ecstacy;
Oh, could I dwell
Beside this well,
And warble with its dashing glee.

NOTE 4. This poem describes a spring that used to be on the banks of Medecine Creek in this county at the top of a high knoll. It was only active after large rainfalls.

Then, loud I'd sing,
And, each note's ring
Would echo with the tiny wave,
That verdant mosses ever lave;
Then I'd forget
The fume and fret
Of life, that hold me as a slave.

#### THE DROPS OF TIME. 5

March 19, 1882.

Passing—passing—tolls the bell,
Fading—fading is the knell,—
Time and life;
Time is fleeting, fleeting past,—
Life is fading—fading fast;
Onward—onward is the course—
Silent—ceaseless—constant force;
From yon high steeple every toll;
Tells an other hour's the goal.

Hearken—hearken—every hour,
That's slowly tolled from you high tower!
Then ask what

Note 5. It was always a sad thought to me to think of passing time. When I was quite young I could not understand what they meant by years and birthdays. I was not much of a hand to ask questions, but I used to think the matter over, adopt a theory and stick to it. I had noticed that visitors come to see us again and again, and hearing people talk of the Old Year I supposed it would come back, again at a certain period. When I was about five years old I was staying at my grandmother's. One of her boys was sweet on a young German lady who frequently visited at her place to see the girls?) I told this lady my theory and she said it was true. That the Old Years came back again every twenty years. A little girl, we will call her Jennie which is not her name, was at that time a playmate of mine. I was at her house one time, during a social, and a large crowd of young

By thee wert done, while round its face
The church clock, its twelve stations traced?
Watch and see that every round
Brings thee something newly found,—
Worth storage in memory's vault,
For thought's bright pictures to exalt.
Still the tolling—tolling chime!

Still the tolling—tolling ctime!

Oh what a mighty stream is time?

Unmeasured rill!

Who'll tell me where to find thy source? And where's the ending of thy course? When will hours, that are thy drops In the eternal ocean stop, Toward which thy flowing waters roll? When shall they reach the ending goal?

The present hour, that now is tolled,— Let it its history unfold,

If a drop

That in times stream did once arise—In its first fountain's source, which lies Repeated ages myriads back,
And long has flowed in its swift track;
Till this moment it broke to ken,
Then in the waves it sank again.

ladies and gentlemen were in the parlor. Jennie's mother sat among them and was entertaining the company. Jennie and I had been playing in the yard digging wells and building mud houses. That elite crowd were rather surprised to see us both come in their midst, for it was evident we came for a purpose. Jennie's mother asked us what we wanted. I bravely asked her if she would give me Jennie to be my wife when the Old Year came back. The laughter that followed was uproarons. I was perfectly disconcerted, but the kind woman answered, certainly, and told us to go and play. That was my first engagement. Made in good faith, and that Old Year was long looked for in expectancy, for it was some years after that I learned the falsity of my theory, and in reminiscent sadness sighed for the year which never came back.

Its tale more strange and thrilling wild, Then e'er wrought fiction has supplied, Of awful deeds:

When first the bright sun did awake, When first the amber morn did break, When first the lonely stars did smile On ocean blue or verdant isle, When first the clouds did pour their rain Upon the young Earth's teaming grain.

When first the moon's pale mellow light Did sweetly cheer the solemn night,

And other themes;

When first the birds in warbling strain
Did echo o'er the grassy plain;
When first the wild flowers bloomed to cheer
Earth's wild monotony so drear;
When first all things from nothing came,—
Thus might time's waters quietly name.

Of all beginnings they might tell,
When first was tolled the marriage bell,
And lover's fire

Was first bespoken in the heart, When first man felt the amorous dart, When first the moon's pale dreamy light Did entice fond hearts love to plight;— All these beginnings once did shine Upon the brink of flowing time.

And as love's first scene they did see,
And the first nuptials gladdening glee,—
They fain might tell,
When first the corse in death did lay
Upon death's frosty couch so gray;

When first stern sorrow washed the cheek, When first the placid form so meek Beneath the turf was laid to rest: The first to sleep in earth's cold breast.

And yet of mightier themes, its tale
Might growing dulness then regale,
What has transpired
From the first fiat till to-day,
What mighty heroes crowd the way:
Whose deeds of valor on the shore
Of time's long river were fought o'er,
Till the waves washed away their thrones,
Then gently rippled o'er their bones.

And many a scene of crime and sin,
The story might revert to then,—
But tis vain!
Creation's dawn the fountains burst,
And ne'er to pause and cease they durst,
Creation's end will bid them cease,
And the pent waters will release,
No more to flow in endings fast—
The flowing currents will have past.

This is the tale that every hour
Might to thee tell with endless power;
To time's an hour,
When the gay child with artless face
Doth gayly smile in childish grace,
Till with old age's hoary gray,
The Reaper calls its life away,—
'Tis but an hour—a grain of sand,
That's washed upon this river's strand.

Thus ever watchful—watchful note
The passing hours that by thee float
In hurried sail
In night and day they swift go by,
The old church bell their death knell sighs,—
Fleeting—fleeting is the tell!
Flowing—flowing towards the goal
Of endless eternity!
Forever flowing in their glee.

#### A NEW TOMBSTONE.

March 15--1883.

I've been absent from the old home now, Some twelve months two or more; Returning now, I mean to view Again those scenes of yore.

I hope that many a hand I'll press,
And many a form I'll meet,
That I oft in the days now gone,
So gayly once did greet.

But still, a tremor o'er me creeps,
And turns this hope to fear;
My steps e'en lag! Oh I'm afraid
Sad tidings I shall hear!
Below this hill, in yon green grove,
Where drooping palms do weep;
And where the low mounds silent show,
That there the pilgrims sleep.

That's where, in youth, I first did learn
The meaning of the grave;
That's where the first tears for the dead,
My youthful cheeks did lave.

I'll hence unto that place, and see
If recent mounds are there;
Oh how my heart doth throb with fear!
Hope is my only prayer.

All is the same! those silent walks, How sacred they do seem? Here is the place, where swol'n eyes, With briny tears do stream.

No new mounds here! but, ah—alas!

Neath you low drooping tree,
I see no grass grows on the turf,
And why? I'll hence and see.

And a small slab arises there!

The epitaph I see!

The name I know! Oh God! that was

The dearest friends to me!

And here, alas! that form now lays!
Of all, that was the one,
That I most thirsted to behold;
But now that hope is gone!

And that hope's gone! Oh in this life, What high hopes we do build? But here's the end, and Oh it is With deepest sorrow filled!

Oh dearest friend! to thee sweet rest Another hope is vain, The heart dream pictured in the soul Is a blotted scroll again.

Note 6. He was one of the warmest hearted friends I ever had the pleasure to claim. If knew him and was associated with him from earliest years. His death, most tragic, by his own hand, asks for him at last the pity of oblivion.

I thought to meet thee, now farewell!
Farewell is hard to say;
I hoped to press thy hand once more,
That hope has passed away.

Beneath this slab, I'll place a verse, That I have writ for thee,— An acrostic of thy cherished name, That none shall ever see.

So farewell now, and still farewell!

Far away I will now go;

I wish to see no more of here,

For 'tis sorrow but to know.

#### EMERSON'S ESSAYS.

#### June 9-1883.

Ope, and read, on every page,
Thou'lt find the thoughts of a true sage;
His inspiration breathes he slow,
He cares not whence, nor where 'twill go;
He calmly follows, and his strain
Doth carry a majestic train,
And serene like the azure sky,
His pictures bear no gaudy dye;
But like the child of nature gay,
When wrapt in childish, sportive play,
He gladly plucks the sweetest flower
From off its low and grassy bower,
And holds it cherished for a day,
Then careless flings it far away.

#### LOVE IS A TEAR.

O, love is a tear with a thrill of fear
Piercing a fond heart keen,
It may have a joy, but 'tis swift gone by,
And naught but the tear is seen.

It may have a joy, but the tear is nigh,
For passion but smiles to weep;
And the tear will steal as the mirth throbs peal,
Grief bursts from its fountains deep.

#### THE IRISH EXILE'S ADIEU.

Adieu, loved Innisfail, adieu;
Sad fate from thee to roam;
Far, far away o'er the ocean blue,
I seek another home.

No, more, dear Native Land, I must, Glance over thy green hills gay, Even my bones in foreign dust Must moulder far away.

But if God can use a broken heart,— Crushed by the hand of woe; My humble soul shall bravely strive To make a heaven where I go.

## Occasional Verses.1

And thon, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid, Still first to fly where sensual joys invade, Unfit in these degenerate times of shame To catch the heart or strike for honest fame; Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried, My shame in crowds, my solitary pride.

-GOLDSMITH.

Note 1. The pieces in this division were written during a period commencing in 1884 to the present time. Many of them have been printed in the local papers, and from them I have collected the scattered verses and put them together in this collection.



# SOME WORDS OF LOVE ARE SPOKEN TOO.2

Remorseless Censure's unjust frown Should not a manly bosom down, Although its shafts most poisonous be, With no sweet beam of charity; We may be sure, if right we do, Some words of love are spoken too.

For Falsehood lasts but for a day,
Then Truth again asserts her sway;
And Censure's jeer must pass away:—
Then if we mid its darkest hour
Cleave but to right with trusting power,
Though Censure's echoes wildest rage,
Though thousand tongues the accents wage:—
In some unlooked and distant soul,
The rays of Truth will gain control;

Note 2. The incident which called forth this poem is as follows. In 1885 I was teaching a district school not many miles from Chillicothe. I was a stranger to all the district, and was hired on trial, by their high mightinesses, the school board. My predecessor, for four or five years, was a wrinkled faced old maid, in fact a perfect lioness, estimating her by the severe regime she enforced. As an example of her barbarity, the day before I applied for the school, I visited her at the school about a week before her time was out. I had heard she was not going to be an applicant again but was intending to take a vacation. When I entered the school room, two little boys about seven years old were standing on the floor, one was holding a large hickory nut in his mouth, and the other was holding a large heavy arm chair on his head. Not noticing my entrance she still kept them there for fifteen minutes. In about a half an hour after she whipped a little girl severely with a large switch. She maintained discipline

And then reproved shall Error lie, And Truth will lofty crown the high; And as the clouds of Censure raise, Thou'lt see that e'en beneath their haze; When loudest blazed their jibing hue, Some words of LOVE were spoken too.

Why I did pen this humble lay,
A downcast heart o'er me held sway;
Where e'er I'd roam; where e're I'd peer,
Naught could I hear, but Censure's jeer;
When lo! unlooked came one bright ray
Chasing all downcast gloom away:—
I heard some words in kindness dear,—
Words not intended for my ear;
And then I said, in Censure's hue,
Some words of LOVE are spoken too.

with a vengeance. She called two more little girls up for laughing shortly after, and was going to serve them likewise, when I interced-I said I had made them laugh, which was not true, but under the circumstances was justifiable, told her I was very sorry I caused the disturbance and asked her not to punish the little girls. She graciously pardoned them with the rebuke that if they were studying their lessons they would not see me. I felt guilty although innocent. Fearing that I had offended her, after school was dismissed, I went home with her most potent majesty, for she was a sister to one of the directors and had influence, took her to a social that evening in the neighborhood and flattered her to the queen's taste. No lover, ever attended with more considerate devotion the idol of hls heart, than I that evening bestowed upon that prim Educational dignitary. As I was a stranger, and her prospective successor of course, I was for the time the sensation. Fain would I have cultivated a budding acquaintance with a rosy cheeked blueeyed lass in her teens, but for the time being my purpose denied me permission. I must be true to my first love. She was my mascot. Well next day the board met, passed resolutions of regret at her resignation and on her recomendation, hired me, but for only one month, on trial, if satisfactory during that time, then for the balance of the term. After three weeks of that month I was the darling of the entire school, and all the patrons, except a majority of the board. However I did not know my standing with the district, and seeing two members of the board in consultation for several evenings, I took the

## LUDUS ANTE OPEREM.3

'Tis quite a proverb, we all know,
That we upon life's troublous way,
Should truthful this short motto trow:
"Work always should proceed our play."

But not to doubt one truthful part,
That in it lies in fullness strong,
I will invert it just to start
The feeble echoes of a song.

Then plainly thus its words would read, And truth might yet beneath them lurk; But naught such prop my fancies need: "Play ever should proceed our work."

hint that something was wrong. I went to see the other director who was a plain spoken German, and he told me that not he, but the other two members of the board had decided to have me quit at the end of the week. The reason, I was too easy on the pupils, would not whip the pupils for infractions of the rules. To all this I plead guilty, but insisted that I had perfect order. It was in vain to protest, the majority was decided, and I must go. I turned from him scornfully and went away. I was so down hearted, that I hardly realized where I went, not that I cared for the school, but to make a failure, the idea almost broke my heart. Going to my boarding house, I passed a farm house to the South of which was a large garden fenced from the road by a thick growing hedge. In this garden at work with their mother were five little girls, two of them being the ones I had saved from being whipped as told above. They were all talking at once, and telling their mother of the good qualities of their new teacher. "I just love him," says an eight year old. "I love to study the lessons he gives me,"says modest ten year old; "he is the kindest man I have ever seen" says another, and so on, until their child vocabulary was exhausted in benedictions and kind sayings about their new teacher. changed in a moment. The gloom that oppressed me was disipated in a flood of joy. I could scarcely keep from shedding tears, so happy was I. Never till then did I realize the good of kind words spoken in our absence. The thought was uttered like a flash.

"We may be sure if right we do, Some words of love are spoken too."

And when I got to my room I wrote the above poem. I was not discharged.

Then thus inverted, I'd apply
Its test to men—both sad and gay,
And find that most do ever try
This sad inversion to obey.

See yonder youth beginning life;
See all his acts unwise and vain!
He's not prepared for such a strife.
His morn of life was spent in play.

But youth's not all! O, what a host
Tread in his footsteps, day by day,
Though each and all of wisdom boast,
They waste life's morn in fruitless play.

For oft we see the hoary swain,
With form half tottering o'er the tomb,
Abide his time in pleasures vain
Without once peering midst the gloom.

But poor, frail man—thy feeble soul, In age as weak as youth's wild day, No doubt attains thy promised goal, Though all thy years be spent in play.

For mortal weak, thou mayst firm trust Ever in hope's elastic sway, That HE who formed thee of the dust Will kind o'erlook thy venial play.

# THE G. A. R. TOAST.

June 4-1884.

Now gather round our standard boys, And gladly we'll again, Recal the stirring war scenes, And of them gay y sing. We'll sing the strains of triumph,
That we sang upon the plain,
Of Atlanta's bloody valleys,
Red-strewn with thousands slain.

And we'll hail the spangled banner,
That did wave so proud and free,
O'er our weary, weary marching,
From Atlanta to the sea.

Oh we've seen dreadful times, boys,
But o'er them we'll not weep;
But bury all sad memories,
In the crimson bowl so deep.
But a tear steals o'er each smile, boys,

For many a comrade brave, Sleeps silently forgotten In an unknown Southern grave.

And for years, and years the grass has grown,
O'er their graves so far away,
And we have all disbanded,
And our hairs are white and gray.

Yet still with strong emotion,
We recall the bugle chimes,
The startling war dreams rousing call
That pealed along the lines.

And other stirring scenes of war,
This evening we recall;—
It makes our old hearts flutter
And the blinding tears to fall.

But fill the bowls again boys,
With champaign, rum or gin,
For the Grand Old Army's still as strong,
And true as it was then.

The same old banner waves on high While millions brave and true, Rally neath its flaunting tresses, Columbia's flag to view.

Ready, brave to do die beneath it,
When Liberty demands,
The sacrifice for freedom,
Ready with brave hearts and hands.

Then if we fall unnoticed,

And comerades every day,

Expire along the wayside;

From friends care far away.

Our hearts will ne'er forget them,
And we'll drink to their repose
For we know if they were here to-night,
They'd quick forget their woes.

So here's another bumper,
To the comerades far away,
And here's another for the ones,
Who fell in battle's fray.

And here's one for our old flag, May she forever wave, Her unsullied vestal tresses To shield the true and brave.

So fill your bowls again, boys
With champaign, rum or gin,
For the Grand Old Army's yet as strong
And true as it was then.

# A PICTURE OF LIFE. 4

Nov. 15-1884.

Ever Time's swift current flows!

Onward, onward swiftly goes

The fleeting hours of life's short day;

How quick they fade? How short they stay?

Life's morning breaks! its suns arise! Vain hopes apear in every guise! All through the morn they sparkle bright;-All, -all do think they'll last till night! They glitter in the morning beam, As though they were a golden stream; They glitter in the zenith's glow, And melt the chill of sorrow's snow; They force their charm within the breast, And lull the anxious heart to rest; They kiss the tear from out the eye, And bury deep the coming sigh; They make the heart to bless the day, When life first sang its vaunting lay; They bury fear deep in the breast, Till life's sun slowly nears the west! When, fearful look and troubled face Bespeak an anxious spirit's trace; And woe-begone that visage now That once was such a buoyant brow.

And now, that youth with hair so bright, Is changed, and locks of hoary white

Note 4. The short span of human existence has been by poets, pictured in parables and Allegories, quite varied and extensive. The most common figure, and one that is as old as literature, is the "river of life" or of "time," which are similar metaphors.

O'erstrew his brow—dim is his eye;
His breath doth heave the languid sigh, —
The languid sigh for former hours,
When, safe amid youth's early bowers,
He gathered roses on the way
Of life's glad morning—bright and gay;
And felt the vernal kiss of morn
Impressed upon his cheeks so warm,
And embraced friends to him so true
Whose graves have long been washed with dew.

Yet, lonely dreams can never more Bring back those friends and pleasures o'er! His morn and noon of life are gone; Fast, fast its night is coming on.

To watch life's morn to its sad eve, Alas! How short is death's reprieve? We are but bubbles, that do sail Upon Time's tide—before the gale, While millions every moment sink, That vainly strive to reach the brink: Still forward time's swift currents lave, With death's wild Havoc on the wave.

## THE STORY OF HOME.

O'tis long since I've greeted the friends that I love,
And many long years I have sought,
This wide weary world a bright fortune to gain,
But treasures and wealth have I naught;
For lonely and sad through each scene did I feel
As a lone waif on life's troubled foam,

O, you'll ease one sad heart, if you'll only kind friends, Just bring me a story from home.

Yes, bring me a story and happy I'll smile,
And forget all this sorrow so lone;
And this heart now so burdened, in gladness will beat,
When it hears the glad story from home.

'Twas a bright summer morn when I left that loved place, So buoyant strong hope did expand, Though the sad tears of parting did fall like the rain;

When friends the last time grasped my hand,
And though long far away from the visions of youth,
They still haunt me wherever I roam,
Oh, nothing will cheer a lone heart far away,

Oh, nothing will cheer a lone heart far away As to hear one glad story from home.

# ADIEU TO AN OLD FRIEND. 5

Oh early friend, long loved too true,
The hour is come, a last adieu!
Thy smiles I'll no more meet,
Of you I ask cold censure, chide,
And, as a friend, a friends faults hide,
And if thou aught of wrong abide,
Forgive in friendship sweet.

When no fond link yet binds me here,
And I'm forgot in absence drear,
Will love, one true heart find,
To say: "Forgive his frailties free;
Perhaps his soul deep faults did see,
But yet his heart was kind!"

Note 5. The above poem was printed three years ago in a work entitled "Selections from American Writers," published at Columbus Ohio.

Forgive his wayward faults, in vain Warm love did strive to weave a chain,

That might his errors save;
But his fault was the erring song
Of burning passion, willful, strong;
Sweet is a fault, that would no wrong!
For such have hearts most brave.

They say in Eden, ages past,—
An angered God his wrath did cast
Upon frail weak mankind;
But yet, that anger was forgot,
God's warm heart felt man's lowly lot,—
Oh now let naught kind memories blot!
For godlike hearts are kind.

Dear friend, farewell! It brings the tear To say farewell to one so dear,

No warmer friends than you, When distant scenes shall glad mine eye, And passion wakes love's burning sigh, My soul with love's warm memories nigh, Shall bless thy heart so true.

## SHIPWRECKED. 6

They sailed away in the life boat strong, Out in the wide, wide sea,— Beyond the glimpse of their native shore,

NOTE 6. And the stately ship goes on,

To the haven under the hill

But, O, for the touch of the vanished hand
And the sound of the voice that is still.

Beyond the mist and the thunder's roar, Beyond where ship had ne'er sailed before, And the storm was on the lea.

Still they sailed away in that life boat strong,
Out in that, wide, wide sea,—
Behind love's eyes were wet with tears,
Behind were wives' and childrens' fears,
Behind were the fireside's holy cheers,
While the storm raged on the lea.

But they sailed away in that life boat strong, Out on that wide, wide sea, Below in the darkest ocean caves, Below where the coral wreathes their graves, Below where the blue eyed sea nymph laves, They sleep for eternity.

So one heart sailed off in this life boat strong,
Out on life's wide, wide sea;
All Hope sailed off in that bark that day,
While lone despair on the shore did stay,
And that heart with Hope that thus sailed away,
Has never come back to me.

## IN MEMORY OF THE DEAD. 3

May 30-1890.

They rest from war's stern labors,

From its storms they find release,
And their valiant souls now wander
On the blessed shores of peace;
Fame be the heroe's garland,
An song be his glories spread,
As we spread memorial tributes

In memory of the dead.

They are gone where wars ne'er clamor,
Where the crimson fields are done,
Where no gaudy standards flout the foe
When the anger of strife's begun.
No more shall foeman's terrors
Disturb their peaceful years
While they rest in the long still slumber,
For the dead know not of tears.

Note: This poem with the one entitled "Memorial" in "Hallowe'en and of her poems" has been commended very highly by members of the G. A. R. for which I acknowledge my sincere thanks. commendations are not mercenary, but the free, sincere tributes of brave men. The poet of the future will find no theme more worthy of his genius, than the examples of heroism desplayed in the late war. It should be his purpose, as well as dufy, to commend without partiality or prejudice, whatever he finds heroic either of North or South. The valor and glory of both is alike the common heritage of American citizenship. He should sing of their glories alike, and as they each, who now survive, silently pass away to "the other shore," and are laid away beneath the blue grass of our valleys, he should hang their stainless swords upon the Walls of Love's temple, beneath the torn and shattered standards which they hailed in victory or defeat, and fold their faded coats of "Blue or Gray" in Love's-jeweled casket, where patriots may view them as the sacred and unsuffied relics of "American Valor."

But the poet's wandering fancy
Clings to each unmarbled grave,
Where the good and the bold are sleeping
The last sleep of the brave;
And he plucks from the whispered memories
Of heroic deeds well done,
The names that claim the laurel of Fame
By their valorous deeds, well won.

And he sings the memorial tributes,
That are garlands for the brave,
For the sweetest bloom and fairest flowers
Should wreath the soldier's grave;
And he wreathes love's fairest garland
For the unreckoned hearts that bled,
For the land that lives for freedom's cause,
Should cherish its patriot dead.

Who flinched not in dread danger,

But braved the storm's red breath,

And firm to Duty's sacred call,

Their souls went out in death;

No guerdon great, of glittering gold,

Beneath high Heaven's dome,

Can repay their deeds, for to death they stood

For Country, Flag and Home.

But they rest, and their toils are ended,
All war's horror and alarm,
And their land is safely guarded
By God's everlasting arm;—
On the immortal scroll of Honor,
Their valiant deeds are spread,
And glory's chaplets here we lay
In memory of the dead.

# MISSOURI. 8

Missouri, Proud Land of the blue sky and prairie, In tribute one offering let fond love bestow; Land, where prosperity's suns never vary; Land, where rich harvests in plenty do grow, Land, where warm hearts and free hands are awaiting, What summons brave duty to each shall decree, Land, where the minstrel may sing Love's creating, Oh, let me wreath one due tribute to thee.

Whatever loves the brave,
Proud glory or a grave,
Thou hast known,
What e'er inspires the free,
Honor, fame or liberty,
Is thine own.

Who has not thy glory known,
Who loves not thy manhood grown;
Who e'er doubts thy harvests sown,
Who fears danger round thy throne,
None in all the earth.

Valleys, hills and mountains, Rivers, groves and fountains 'Dorn thy face;' As the colors in the bow, As the sparks gleam in the glow,

Note 8. No apology need be made for a poem on Missouri. Nature has endowed her with scenery and resources, surpassing any land, immortalized in song. Hers is a brighter destiny than those lands known in song to which the antiquarian and tourist visit as the shrines of poetry and literature. The writers of Missouri should seek to give her a worthy place in the literary domain. The genius of her scholars and poets should not rest, until the literature of Missouri commands the respect and admiration of the world. Inspired by the expectation that such is her destiny, the above poem cannot be regarded as out of place or extravagant.

As the foam floods in the flow, As the soft breeze in the blow Each adds grace.

Land of the blue sky and the prairie,
Can thy fame or glory vary?
No, not till eternity,
While thy blue skies ever glow,
While thy rivers ever flow,
While the rain falls and the snow,
And thy grass grown hills we know,
Thou shalt honored be.

Land of Freedom's rising sun,
Shall e'er that Freedom's daytime run,
No, such cannot be,
While one heart beats high and brave,
While proud free men scorn the slave,
While true hearts will bleed to save,
While there's room for one more grave,
Thou shalt e'er be free.

Our native land, shall foeman's hand Ere menace thy sweet peaceful strand, No, such can ne'er appall, While they're great deeds for the bold, While brave heroe's tales are told, While we cherish memories old, While our starry flag's unrolled, Thou art safe from all.

There are lands where tropic breezes,
Kiss perennial blossoms fair,
There are lands where fragrant incense
Strews its aroma on air;

There are lands where mountains pierce the sky
And lands that wall the sea,
But Missouri, Old Missouri, —
Is the land for me.

There are lands where pilgrims gather
To worship at their shrines,
There are lands where ancient ruins,
The ivy wreath entwines,
But they've known the martyr's dying groan
And the despot's tyranny,
Oh, Missouri, Dear Missouri,
Is the land for me.

No ancient specter haunts thy place
Of tyranny and wrong,
Thy name has never known one strain,
Save Freedom's glorious song,
Blazoned on thy fair escutcheon,
The sweet name of "Liberty,"
Oh, Missouri, My Missouri,
Is the land for me.

## A LAUGH.

A laugh is life, a sigh is death,
In smiles Life paints her bloom,
A sorrowing heart is the frosty breath,
While a tear is the dew of the tomb.
Laugh long, laugh loud, laugh strong, laugh well,
Thy mirth will no heart offend;
Laugh on till grief is a broken spell
And gloom with all gladness blend.

# FOR ELLEN'S SAKE.

They only loved, as the world would say:—
"Just friends for a time," then a different way
Each took through life, and forgot the flame,
That burned a day in hope's fond, fond name.

Then ere two years, she another wed;—
He saw her glad bridal in glory spread;
And he was reminded in taunt or fun —
"That a faint heart never a fair lady won."

But he made no murmur, and life went on In its humdrum routine of cloud and sun, And surely a young man's vows though true, When vain are made to again renew.

So years went by, and the new years came; And that silent heart shrined a secret flame, For Love ne'er speaks, but upon some page Of the heart is writ, what ne'er blurs with age.

And upon this heart there was writindeed,
A sad, sad page which no eye could read;
But if read, the missive would sadly break:—
"A fond heart dying for Ellen's sake."

Soon Cruel War spread over the land;— Each answerd the call with a valiant hand;— He, who wed Ellen, by the Blue did stay;— But he, who LOVED Ellen, espoused the Gray.

Ere they left for the War, they old friendships claimed, For, for years a coldness their friendship strained, And the silent lover's voice trembling spake:— "Let us shake hands, just for Ellen's sake." They met in battle when fire and ball Rained death and havoc around on all; Where the blood ran red 'mong the drifts of dead, And wounded and dying the field o'er spread. In front all grappled, one wounded falls, But he still fights on, and no mercy calls;—One fatal stroke was upon its way; But a foeman's arm did its vengeance stay. He leaped forth brave, while the fight raged warm, And between that soldier and Death's mad storm He threw himself and waved back the foe, While round fell death in the darkest wee.

The wounded soldier he safely bore
To harbor of safty from battle's roar;
But just as he placed him in safty's walls,
He, himself, fell pierced by a hundred balls.

His heart's blood reddened his coat of Gray, As that wounded solder did vain essay To know why that succor;—his last words spake In faltering words:—"Just for Ellen's sake.

These words told all. 'Mid the wreck and fire Of wild War's earnage, Love's flame burned higher; And the soul of a hero without one stain, Went forth to its God for a love in vain.

The years since then have fast rolled away, And the verdure mantles the once red clay. Of that field of earnage, where fierce the fire, Of battle raged in mad havoc dire.

And years of peace have smiled sweetly now, For six lustrums, since the once sombre brow Of War bedarkened the hopes of men, And forgotten are hearts that throbbed warmly then; But, when spring comes 'round with its leaves and blooms, And the sweet May roses bedeck the tombs Of our hero dead, on the day we lay The memorial garlands above their clay;—

It is noted long in a Southern place,
Where marks of battle the grounds deface;
That each year there comes from the North alone,
A war scared soldier to all unknown.

And he'll pass the graves of his comrades there, Without one rosebud or bloom to spare;
But the grave of a rebel beside a stream,
He wreaths it as bright as a poet's dream.

And oft he's asked why those flowers are spread; And, why garland the grave of a foeman, dead? But the only answer their queries wake;—
"The hero who died just for Ellen's sake."

## AUBURN AND GOLD. 9

O, friend of other days,
When you and I
Were boys, we knew the ways
Of life and joy;
Then all was glad and free,
And hopes were high,
And we sailed joy's crystal sea,
In days gone by.

NOTE 9. This poem with the three following: To Hattie, Rose and Lora, are founded on associations, the parties to which among my friends are well known. Of "Auburn" and "Gold" nothing farther need be said, than is written in the poem. Of the other three young ladies, it is sufficient to say that they were Missouri girls, to show that they were worthy of remembrance in the realm of poetry and song.

But friend, we had our grief,
Yes, you and I,
Time brings but sad relief
From days gone by.
Yours had curls of gold,
Mine auburn hue;
But both had hearts, not cold,
Those sisters true.

Their eyes of violet blue,
Their cheeks of snow,
Dear friend, of other days,
We loved them so.
And both now silent sleep,
In Earth so cold;
Ah friend, too late we weep,
Auburn and Gold.

Dear friend, of other days,
Today we met,
First for ten years,—thy praise
I ne'er forget;
But still I marveled long,
For all the years,
Of happy friendships strong,
We still had tears.

For when today we met,
At friendship's call,
I saw the round tears set,
Waiting to fall;
And memory speech suppressed,
And silence told
The burden in each breast:
Auburn and Gold.

Yours in the happy prime
Of wifehood's day,
When hope beat high, sublime,
She went away;
Mine ere the bridal day
Beside her slept,
Ah friend, 'tis vain to say:—
''Too long we've wept."

Dear friend, for all thy grief
I've had a tear,
Your kind heart finds relief
If mine have cheer,
O, there be ties divine
In friendship's hold
But none like yours and mine
Auburn and Gold.

## TO HATTIE.

# April 15-1885.

Yes, again is the moonlight!
Glad as in days of old,
When our young hearts free, looked on, life's glad sea, —
Dreaming of bliss untold.

Still we have true hearts, Hattie,
Burning with passion's flame;
Me thought the hard years with their flint-like tears,
Had left not of passion a name.
But passion wild as the torrent,
Leaps in its pentless might,
O'er the cliffs of time since I called you mine,
And again we are met tonight.

Hattie, these beams are glorious,
While the Medicine flows at our feet,
Do its gentle waves the far Ocean lave,
Yet "sing they their sad song sweet?"
Me thinks, if I'd such a journey,

Me thinks, if I'd such a journe Away to the far, far sea,

I should pause to sigh, and my song would die, Unless 'twas inspired by thee.

Yet I've been a long, long journey, With heart sighs the muffled sail,

Since that last adieu, when love seemed untrue, And its fond vows seemed to fail.

But there is a legend, Hattie, By grandames it is given,

That; -- "when true hearts plight, some fond angel bright Records the vow in heaven."

I never believed the story, I hate this grandame lore;

But one balmy night 'neath the star's pale light,
I stood by a wave kissed shore.

There lone as the sea shell's murmur, Sad as the Ocean's moan,

My heart did seek for the maiden meek, Whom passion should name her own.

There was many a fair name mentioned,
But mid silence a voice was given;
Choose the one you will, but thy true yow st

"Choose the one you will, but thy true vow still, Makes Hattie yet known in heaven."

"Hattie! whose Hattie?" I started,
But memory's the pilot bold,
Who leads us back o'er the beaten track,
Where burning passion lies cold.

"Hattie! whose Hattie?" one moment, Then all was unveiled and bright!

A youth once more by this wave-kissed shore, And the past was a present sight.

There you was a barefoot maiden, And I was a barefoot boy,

Does it blush thy cheek for me thus to speak? But bare feet was then, all joy.

Innocent, modest, gentle, Blushfretted, thy cheek was fair,

And the deep sky blue of thy bright eye's hue,

Warm passion could not thee spare.

Then came an hour of parting, Love wept, for that hour was pain,

For Hate spoke, "adieu," and we'd vowed untrue, And youth's love seemed all in vain.

Ten long, long years I've wandered, Ten long, long years I've sighed,

And with many a maid has Love's fancy played; But with none could fond love abide.

And it seemed age dried up passion,
'And my heart turned cold as snow,
Yet one flame remained, that all grief ne'er tamed;
A passion of long ago.

But now again is the moonlight,
Glad as in days of old,
And we'll not forget first Love's warm debt:
Burning with hopes untold.

No, unforget and forgetless,

Cherished though Hate was high,—

Pledged in barefoot days, let Hate work his ways,

No barefoot yow can die.

So Hattie love, like the moonbeams, A cloud may intervene, But an hour is all, till the veil does fall, And we see but a brighter beam.

So is our love this evening, Though there's frost in thy golden hair, That frosted gold is but youth grown old, Age chills not the hearts we bear.

## TO ROSE

Aug. 14-1887.

As sadly the Sunset brings night over day, So comes sombre gloom, when from thee I'll away, Leaving but loneliness long to remain, Awaiting a Dawn that may ne'er come again.

But O, in that night, when all joy is unknown, Should a whisper but break of our joys that are flown, In tones that the angles would gladly repeat, O, short we did meet, but the meeting was sweet;—The past then shall seem as a mystic vale fair, Where passion flowers throw their sweet scents on the air, With Lilies and Daisys, no bloom there concealed, And the Primrose, its beauty in blushes revealed.

To each flower a tribute of love then must fall,
For the heart then can naught but kind memories recall,
And Loves burning censer, its clasps shall unclose,
And its holiest incense will breathe on the Rose.

## TO LORA.

January 15-1890.

Oh Memory, among thy pages,
One picture oft I trace,
In such hues sublime, that the teeth of Time,
Can ne'er one line deface.

Lora, of all friends, the fairest,
True of all true, the best,
Kind of all kind, the kindest
Whom Love so often blest,
Fond of all fond, the fondest;
Thy picture in memory stands,
Gentily gentlest,
Tenderly tenderest,
Modestly modestest
Nobly noblest,
Truest and best.

Thy artfully artless smile,
Which sent to my soul Love's dart,
In the aimfully aimless guile,
Of thy "sinfully sinless" heart
Is enshrined on a deathless page
In Memory's caskets dear,
And though Time may blot, what fond hopes would not,—
An eternity is here.

The lonefully loneless while;—
The hour ere our parting came;—
The dolefully doleless while,
The hours that our partings name.

O love of the long ago!
O love of youth's early prime;
The hopes that burned like a star at morn,
Now rankle in gloom sublime;
But the memory still lives on
Of thy kindness and trust so true,
And this heart has grief with no sweet relief,
Save when Memory turns to you.



# Quaint Verses.

And human nature is a cloth
Of many curious things,
Whether hemmed up into rhymers,
Whether stitched up into kings,
Whether sewed up into printers,
Whether editors are made,
It will tear, and shrink, and ravel;
It will wash, and wear, and fade.
—HOWARD CARROLLION TRIPP.



# HAYSEED.

Ye men of every trade, who the farmers' ways invade,
In your methods of procedure have a care;
And listen to my song for I assure you 'tis not long,
And of it you may reap benefits most rare;
'Tis this, that when you meet a farmer on the street,
''Do not sprinkle to much hayseed in your hair.''

I knew a man from town, who to do the farmers brown,
For years had pondered o'er his schemes so rare;
But his shining brick of gold was a chestnut far too old,
And the wondering crowds upon him took a stare,
As the prison door closed down on this slick young man
from town,

He had "sprinkled too much hayseed in his hair."

Once upon a time in an Indian Summer clime,

To a farmer's house I went to bargain fair,

To buy a gallant steed and inspired by human greed,

I sought to shrewdly catch him in a snare;—

But the steed balked and was old, and the farmer had my

gold,

I had "sprinkled too much hayseed in my hair."

One time with the smooth cards I, with two other pards, Allured a simple farmer to our lair;

And he was picking tame, for he was in for any game, And we knew he had "the wherewithal" to spare; But at the final rush the meek farmer drew a "flush,"

We had "sprinkled to much hayseed in our hair."

Now the moral of my song which I told you is not long,
Is simply this,—be honest and prepare,
To treat all men the same;—be no hypocrite for fame,
And of intellect give everyone his share;
Give your farmer friend his due, for his mind will size
up you,

"Do not sprinkle too much hayseed in your hair."

## WISDOM VERSUS VANITY

Being smart above my years,
And caring naught for gibes or sneers,
I wooed and won Miss Yellercurl,—
A strapping burly woodman's girl,—
Her form quite massive, but you know
These girls who in the backwoods grow,
Consent to marry that they may
Make their "hub's" life a holiday,
And feed them pork and biscuits round,
That rise like mushrooms from the ground.

My brother John, O, most asthetic, Second Yellercurl with hate prophetic, And deeming me scarce bove her ilk, He wed a city girl,—Miss Silk. They both did hate my backwoods wife, But would not say aught for their life; For Yellercurl without a care Could kill a Rocky Mountain bear.

One day a cyclone came along, Rending mansions firm and strong; But when it came to where I sat, We had a short, unequal spat, For I'd in wedlock grown so stout, All Nature could not bounce me out, And so I sat and winked my eye, And said, "Old Cyclone you go by."

But brother John, who dwelt below, Found fate of sorrow,—told in woe, In wedlock he had grown so thin, Almost transparent—so that when Old Cyclone came a roaring by, It blew him clear up to the sky, Moaning loud as up he went, "A backwoods wife I now lament."

#### MORAL.

So thus with wise men in this age, The backwoods girl is all the rage. The city girl is fine and gay, But wed her and you'll blow away.

# THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY. 1

The Temperance Society,
In teaching sobriety,
Has late been so loud in its ranting,
That my good dog Bowser,
Whose grandsire was Towser,
To preach it, did go gallivanting.

Note 1. This poem is not meant as a satire on temperance. The incident that led to its writing is as follows. During the focal option agitation in 1886 and 1887 there was a certain temperance lecturer, who was grandi-eloquent, fanatical and abusive, in his harangues against the Liquor Traffic. He boarded where I did, and suspecting him to be a hypocrite, I did not encourage his acquaintance, although he pushed his presence upon me with an addulation and energy that

His first great revival
Had scarcely a rival,
The Fidoes were numerous and free,
And neighbor Brown's Buch,
Who makes twenty of such,
Came to hear him just from a spree.

Good Bowser was telling
With wows-high and swelling;
How whisky all dogs was unmanning,
"Bow-wow" Buch did say,
And says to old Tray,
"Let's give him a good-natured canning."

"Yes, yes;" growled old Tray,
And ere Bowser could pay
Attention to what was transpiring,
Buch hooked a tin pail—
Fast on to his tail,
And quick was old Bowser retiring.

He yelped and he moaned, He rolled and he groaned; As homeward the rattle did hoot him,

was disgusting. I was in town with him one day. He had held a successful meeting the night before, and supposing him to engage in preparations for his evangelical labors, I paid no attention to him during the day. About three o'clock in the afternoon, I was much surprised when the city marshall notified me that a man in the calaboose wanted to see me. Going there, I was horrlifed to see my temperance agitator, locked up for being boisterously drunk. paid his fine, and took him home, he being all the time in a fair state of preservation, and supplied with liquor on his person. completely knocked me out, when that very evening, he went and conducted another temperance revival, preached and exhorted furiously, and in his successiin getting "j'iners" he surpassed all previous meetings. I was disgusted with him so, that I have never been able to persuade myself to participate in organized temperance work. My experience with that gentleman is what called forth this boem.

At last, as one sainted,
He fell down and fainted,
As if some cruel huntsman did shoot him.

But Buch was no divil,
Though oft most uncivil;
To Bowser he kept close and handy,
And seeing the dog
Fall down like a log,
He pulled out a big flask of brandy.

The neck of the bottle,

Buch forced in his throttle,

And emptied the contents inside him,

When Bowser jumped up,

As gay as a pup,

And continued to preach and to chide him.

His words did not clog,
Though they came from a dog,
They the vice of Intemperance did throttle,
They fell with such edge,
Even Buch took the pledge,
And there did abandon his bottle.

Thus among dogs 'tis known,
Why whisky's o'erthrown;
It s because it abetted, who fought it,
And though this may be bad,
The dog kingdom is glad,
And rejoice o'er the efforts that wrought it.

#### LONG EARS.

The gallant horse has a stately form, The faithful dog, a heart that's warm, And long, long horns are found on steers; But it is the ass that has the ears.

And many men I've often found,
Who "kick gainst pricks" or paw the ground
To show their power above compeers,
Are justly marked with the "long ears."

A man has a daughter, woman grown,
An honest youth finds the maid alone,
They love, they plight, the parent hears
And he kicks up a row like a drove of steers,
Yet he all the while wears the "long ears."

A man in wedded life may foam, To keep his mother-in-law at home; But at each attempt, he too plainly hears, The failure has served to length his ears.

The poet sings his harmless song,
The Scoffing Critic comes along,
At the bards mistakes he laughs and jeers,
Yet 'tis he himself wears the 'long ears."

The man who will not advertise, But hopes to prosper otherwise, Will ere long start in terror lone To find how long his ears have grown.

So strive in life without offense, To guage thy work by common sense, To kick 'gainst Fate will bring out sneers, And mark thee plain with longer ears.

## AGAINST THE GRAIN.

Toiling and striving from day unto day,
From childhood, to manhood, to old age, no play,
The parson says,—"Life without work would be vain,"
But he is, where he is, 'cause it goes 'gainst the grain.

Some seek the school room to pedagogue through, The time that's allotted of life, as their due, And others a shirking from work seek the Law, To starve on pretensions, or live by their jaw.

And the Doctors cure all with their powders and pills, Yet murder out right with the size of their bills, And the tailor arrays us in fashions sublime, And the bar-keeper sells us a drink for a dime!

Yet all are but shirks, who with deceptions bold, Seem to care for your wants, but their want is your gold, Give no heed to their babble, to each work is pain, And they shirk from its fields, 'cause it goes 'gainst the grain.

### THE MULE'S EAR.

Out upon the farm, where I spent many a day,
I learned quaint words of wisdom, which e'en yet
Are useful on life's way, their truth you can't gainsay;
For they sparkle like the diamond in the set.
There's one that I recall, not the shrewdest one of all,
Yet its truthful rays in memory still blinks,
And it comes the farmers say from observing its true
way;—

"The mule's ear never points the way he thinks."

The first I wrote this down, a friend of mine from town, Denied its truth, and sought to prove it so;

So he found that kindly beast with both ears pointing East,

And a gentle feeling in him seemed to glow;

While standing from him West, something struck my friends new vest,

And three rods from there he found himself in kinks, But the sober docile beast still kept his ears to East:— "The mule's ear never points the way he thinks."

I have marveled many days about this homely phrase, And deceitful men its truthfulness display,

Their greetings happy seem, and point out pure friendship's dream,

But their secret souls bear hatred's angry sway;

And to know their hidden leers, you must more than watch their ears,

For malice deepest in their nature sinks,

And when their hearts you know you'll find these words are so;—

"The mule's ear never points the way he thinks."

Now these words, which on the farm my early youth did charm,

I pen in simple verse, just to recall

The honest thoughts, which train through the farmer's manly brain;--

The simplest truth's the strongest truth of all,

And I thought 'twas very well, to pause and gaze a spell, To find what wisdom to this strange phrase links,

And I found that men, like mules, are governed by strange rules,—

"The mule's ear never points the way he thinks."

### NEVER COUNT YOUR CHICKENS IN THE EGG.

I want to talk to you, not to lecture or review
The great mistakes you've made, and why their so,
But shortly here to give a maxim that should live,
And be treasured by the high as by the low.

Ne'er reckon your renown, until you've won the crown, And it sits upon your forehead like a peg,

For there's even many a slip between the cup and lip;—
"Oh never count your chickens in the egg."

Once lived an ancient maid in her stilted manners staid, Who had a sitting hen upon the nest

With fifteen shining eggs, all huddled 'bout her legs, And covered by her wings and downy breast,

Now quoth this maiden low, -- "I'll have fifteen chicks, you know

For the early markets, which high prices beg; But her chickens ne'er did clucking, for old Towser went

egg sucking;---

"Oh never count your chickens in the egg."

I knew a sporting man, who for years his mad course ran,

And reckoned all men lambs on which to prey,

And 'tis true, at cards and tables, he surpassed what's writ in fables,

But his equal came along one winter day.

He was a simple farmer, said the sporting man, "A charmer,—

A very tenderfoot, I'll pull his leg,"

But that sporting man so lazy, after that game was crazy:—

"Oh never count your chickens in the egg."

Now what I want to teach, for I'm no great hand to preach,

Is a very simple maxim true for all;

It is this, what e'er of fame or wealth's heritage we claim, Decent merit should proclaim it, and not gall;—

And what Fortune has to give, we should accept and live Without pretentious boastings, for to beg

Is nobler than to lie, then to modesty comply:—
"Oh never count your chickens in the egg."



## The farmer's Romance.

There was racing and chasing on Cannaby lea, But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.

-SCOTT.



#### THE FARMER'S ROMANCE.

Stranger, come in, I know yer,
Yer him that's given to rhymes;
Who kin dash off a Romance or sonnet,
In the toughest kind o' times;
Who kin sing o' love and nonsense,
And all sich sort o' things,
By jist takin' yer pen and paper,
And givin' yer fancy wings.

Come in,—yer a fair sort o' fellow,
And I like to have ye about;
For in polerticks yer a fair talker;
But in religion yer sadly in doubt;
And yer polerticks mostly is blarney,
So it would not be any shame,
If we'd notify you city fellers,
Us farmers are on to yer game.

Kin yer stay all night? Why sartin,—
A whole month if yer chuse;
And when that's up, yer needn't hurry,
Yer lodgin' we'll not refuse.
Yer hungry? Wal, in a minute,
We'll feed you as best we can;
The fodder may be sort a common
For sich a stylish young man.

"It will do,"—Of course ye would say so,
Yer ever so perlite;—
Now stranger, if yer a fair sampler,
You'll be in the swim tonight,
Thar's Bill Leach, up at the city,
Who handles the cash at the bank,
Says;—"No cooking in the whole kentry
Kin with Maria's take rank."

Who's Maria? Wal! wal! by jingo!
Yer don't know Maria! you say?
Why, Maria's my wife! good stranger,
Jist twenty years today
We were married up in your city,
Brother Dockery the knot tied gay,
And we could n't pay him in coon skins,
He had to have cash for his pay.

Our Romance? Yer would like to hear it?
Wal now I'll jist say to ye here,
If you dare 'rite it up for the papers,
I'll ring off a piece of yer ear.
Do n't write it, or say aught about it,
And for pastime, I'll it jist awake;
But first set you down at this table,
And sample that bacon and steak.

And Maria, you pour him some coffee,
And that butter dish push this way,
Tot out a few more of them biscuits,
This stranger has had a hard day,
And I'm goin' to tell him our Romance,
Sich stories he writes it is known,
Of love, and of marriage, and women,
Though he's ne'er had a wife of his own.

But Maria, you don't need to hear it,
Jist give him the supper and go,
Wal sit down,—'twill make no difference,
'Tis a sad tale of long ago,
And it seems jist yesterday, Stranger
Since first this wife I did see;
And now thar's gray hairs on her temples,
That's right draw closer to me.

Our Romance! Look out thar, Stranger,
Through the window, upon yon hill,
Whar two green mounds are lying,
Our two boys, sleep thar still,
Don't sob Maria, I should n't,
By George, I'm blubbering too!
I'll dry those tears with yer apron,
A Romance of grief too true.

One went in the early Springtime,
When the corn was jist o'er ground,
The other, jist four months after,
When it tassels and silks had found,
And now their out thar on yon hillside,
They were aged three and five,
Ten years ago last autumn,
They both were here alive.

Ten years ago, tomorrow,

We were left in grief forlorn,
Their eyes were blue as the Jay's wing,
Their hair like the silks of corn;
And I blubber, and cannot help it,
And Maria breaks down in tears,
Such is our Romance stranger;

A grief that lasts ten years.

That's not what yer mean by Romance?
Wal, wal, that's some relief,
I thought that big word's meanin',
Was love's sore trial in grief;
But, you say, "it means our courts hip?"
Then you can jist write down,
Thar ne'er was a happier Romance,
In kentry city or town.

I'd come out here from Virginia
In the latter Sixties, when
That proud Old State was in mourin'
For General Lee's brave men;
For I had fit 'gainst the Union,
And when all was lost in strife,
I came out west to Missouri
To git a new start in life.

It was in the winter season,
When the ground was covered with snow,
When huskin' bees with parties
And spellin' schools were the go;
Jist twenty years I remember,
By Jove, 'twas a frosty night!
The first time I met Maria,
And it was at Parson Wright's.

The Parson, you bet, was clever,
A far worse Rebel than me,
And seein' my Gray coat, I tell yer
Made his heart swell biger you see,
And a kind o' fondness between us,
For this sprung up right thar,'
I could have hugged and kissed him,
And he remembered me when at pray'r.

Thar' at the party that evening,
He took me 'round, and when,
Some asked, "what stranger he welcomed,"
Says:—"One of Bob Lee's brave men"
Yes, General Lee, the commander,
And hero of Southland's pride,
Ah! Stranger you know not what hearts feel,
That have stood whar' brave men died.

He took me 'round, whar Maria,
And farmer Jone's son,
With a lot of other youngsters
Were playing some game of fun;
Let's see,—'twas 'Old Dan Tucker,"
And they tuckered me right in line,
Stranger, No use o' talkin'
But that old sport was fine.

When first I sot eyes on Maria,
My heart turned bottem o'er top,
Like batter cakes in a griddle,
When we turn them o'er with a flop;
And I thought;—"Ed. Jones take notice,
Though you be conceited, I see;
I'll show you, your really not in it,
Right thar is the gal for me."

Wal, I asked Maria that evening,
And she said she would agree;
But her Dad and Ma, were determined
That Ed. Jones her groom must be,
And so for weeks together,
We planned and thought some way
To bring the Old folks over;
But they grew worse each day.

And they ordered me off their diggings,
Whar' I ne'er sot foot again,
But to balk a man from Virginia
In love, takes more than men.
And Maria, despite their jowling,
To me was firm and true,
Yes, true as Virginia's heroes
Who fit for the "Bonne Blue."

So we met out at meetin'
And arranged it then and thar,
Next Sunday to run off and marry,
When all the rest were at pray'r,
And I'd come to the meetin'
Riding my noble Gray,—
God bless that Old Hoss,—yonder
He is now eatin' hay.

He is spavined, and old and stiff'nin'
His limbs are now with years,
Gold never could buy him, Stranger,
Why that hoss pricks up both ears,
And laughs and nickers to kiss me,
For as good as myself he feels,
When we talk of that famous elopement,
When he showed them all his heels.

On Old Gray I left Chillicothe
Whar' I'd hired Brother Dockery to wait,
That evening, till long towards midnight,
When I'd come back with a mate,
And Young Billy Leach so clever,
Did loan me the cash to pay,
For to get married you know on credit,
Is not in the reg'lar way.

Out by Springhill was the meetin',
A revival for weeks, no halt,
Whar' many ran for salvation,
As pasture cows for salt;
Thar' I was to meet Maria,
The trist had been arranged,
One week before, but stranger
The weather since then had changed.

And it rained and rained the whole time,
And so far above each mark
The water rose, that the kentry
All talked of building an ark,
But I knew that Baptist meetin'
Would go on jist as free,
For like fish they take to water,
And Maria would look for me.

So undaunted by weather, I started,
Upon my noble Gray,
But when I got to Graham's mill,
The bridge was washed away,
Grand River was like an ocean,
And the waves rolled laughing by,
I cannot tell yer how sad I felt,—
I prayed that I might die.

But I told Old Gray my sorrow,
And he listened to every word,—
Don't tell me the hoss didn't understand,
For before the last he'd heard
His eyes shown bold defiance,
And his nostrils flared out wide,
And before I could check or hold him back,
His broad breast cut the tide.

I reached the place of meetin'
Jist at the closing hymn,
Through the window I saw Maria
Beside her brother Jim.
Ed. Jones was waitin' at the door
Until she should come out,
'Pectin' of course to take her home,
But he jist missed his route.

I caught her eye in a moment,
Then she slipt towards the door,
Ed. Jones a sort'a' made for her,
When he saw me how he swore,
But Old Gray sidled by the steps
On, behind me, she leaped true,
"Now Old Hoss, do your best," I cried,
And Stranger, you bet, he flew.

Ed. Jones aroused the meetin'
Then hoss and mule and man,
Pellmell a yellin' after us;
My Goodness! how thy ran.
But when they reached Grand River,
They stopped, and raged to see,
My "Old Hoss" swimming boldly o'er,
B'aring Maria and me.

When crost', Gray shook his wet hide,
Then gallopped bravely on,
Soon we reached Chillicothe,
And the mighty race was won,
Then Brother Dockery tied the knot,
And when all was told again,
He laughed and laughed and laughed so much,
That he's been fat since then.

Such was our Romance, Stranger,
Not sich a bad affair,
For out of this life I'm sartin,
Of joy we've had our share;
And Old Gray and myself and Maria,
Now calmly wait the day,
When beside those two boys on the hillside,
We too shall be laid away.





## The Seven Wooers.

An Arabian Romance.

None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
Deserve the fair.

—DRYDEN,



#### THE SEVEN WOOERS. 1

Once in Old Araby lived long ago, A modest young maiden, as fair as the snow; So sweet was her smile, that the Peris of air Would dance in wild raptures its beauty to share; For Peris and Genii, they love woman's smile, And love in its sunshine the moments to while.

Many's the gallant that wooed for her hand,—
The Emirs and Viziers of the royal band
Often enticed her with honor and gold;
But she would not abandon her green sylvan wold:
Their honors she loathed, their gold she despised;
Her flowers and her gardens were all that she prized.

There like a fairy she dwelt in a cot,
And wreathed the windows with Forget-me-not,
And twined the wild tendrils to wreath the door green,
Before which sweet Tulips and Myrtles were seen,
And many a wild flower there breathed the trace
Of fragrant Ambrosia around this sweet place.

Note 1. This poem is one of the first stories in verse I ever wrote. In youth I read the History of Arabia and Mohammed, and after reading I began a Romance in verse the object of which was to emphasize the heroic principles of liberality and justice that existed among the Saracens. The story began at the battle of Tours where the Saracens were defeated by the Franks under Charles Martel, and described the escape of a youthful Saracen chief from that field. The story I have never finished, and the above poem is an excerpt from it being one of the tales told by the young chieftain to a crowd of listening chieftains while trying to escape from Spain.

Thus, was the morn of her life whiled away
Devoid of all cares, as the wild birds gay,
Till in the sunshine of five and ten years,
She sighed for a lover to share her wild cheers;
But the one, whom she sought, was the careless and gay,
Whose life is as bright as a glad Summer day.

Seven brave gallants did woo for her hand,
The first was a wonderer from Zaharack's sand,
Who had seen many scenes on the bleak arid plain,
With Bedouins, Simoons and hunger's dread reign;
But she turned from his smile to her sweet garden
bowers,

To silent commune with the blossoms and flowers.

The second, an Emir, in power and rank high,
The third was a Vizier who often stood nigh
The throne of the Calyph, to fill every call,
That the monarch requires of his brave seneschal;
But she turned from their pleadings to answer the strain
Of a sweet nightingale on the green, flowery plain.

The fourth was a sailor, who oft o'er the main

Had steered his brave bark through the tempest and
rain.

The fifth was a scholar who oft watched the sphere From Chaldea's bleak hills where the stars plain appear; But their stories she loved not, and turned from their tale To list to the breeze with its mournful regale.

The sixth was the heir of the Calyph's high throne, Who long wooed the maid in this humble cot lone; But naught could she see in his visage august, Where Love could repose in its confiding trust; So she turned from his presence and high lofty mien, To answer the robin that chirped on the green. The last was a youth, who in battle's dread roar Had oft his bright helmet 'mid red carnage bore, He whispered love's accents in this maiden's ear; And all her shy coyness did then disappear, And she heard his love whispers with deep thrilling joy, For her heart ever yearned for the brave soldier boy.

But the sixth could ne'er brook such a rival to see, Who won the maid's love, so in deep jealousy, He seized the brave youth in power's rashness drear, And forced him away to to the land of Cashmere, There to e'er pine in his lone sad exile, And sigh for the sweetness of Zenobe's smile.

Sweet Zenobe too, from her bright blooming flowers, He did bear away to the "City of Towers," 2 Where heralds loud blazoned the tidings of glee, That the prince's gay bridal that evening should be, But she whom he called there to share his high throne, In the midst of the crowd was sad gloomy and lone.

In the midst of the festives, when joy was supreme, And gallants and maidens rejoiced in love's beam, And nobles and guests in their purple robes fine, Quaffed from gold goblets old Araby's wine, A youthful, lone harper appeared at the door, And offered a strain, which they all called "encore."

Swift his apt fingers swept over the chords,
Keenly he eyed all the ladies and lords,
He glanced at the bride in her raiment of gold,
Then did his brave harp a loud strain unfold
And closed thus in cadence most thrilling and grave:
"None can e'er vanquish the love of the brave."

Here the lay ceased, and the guests did proclaim,
A pledge of good wine to the brave minstrel's strain,
High brimmed the cups with the red liquid's glare.
Eager were all the symposium to share;
But when the glad revels of mirth did subside,
The bride was not seen by the gay prince's side.

"To arms! ye base slaves!" He angrily crys,
While the choler quick mounts to his red flashing eyes,
"Mount my best steeds, and quickly persue!
With whom has she fled of this dastardly crew?
Ay, the minstrel! O, gods! I do fear
He's the one I have banished to far off Cashmere."

Lo, on the Tigris! a boat small and frail Skims o'er the waters in quick anxious sail, Brave at the oar does the minstrel ply The fingers that over the harp strings did fly.

Beside him sweet Zenobe cheers every stroke,
That his brawny arms ply with the strong oars of oak.
Swift in pursuit are the boats from the shore,
With wild execrations from the royal corps;
Unnerved still the minstrel his strong strokes ply,
While the dark stormy waves are around rolling high;—
They toss his frail bark in their wild dashing glee,
Yet still his calm voice cheers the sweet Zenobe.

Alas! A high wave does the bark over throw,
And mid the wild storm sounds the maiden's sad woe;—
"Alas," she exclaims, "we are lost, but 'tis joy;"—
And falls in the arms of her brave soldier boy,
Down, down in the depths, thus embraced they did go,
While o'er them the storm and the wild waves did flow.

"Oh save her! Oh save her!" The bridegroom loud cries "My crown to the one that her form shall arise," But vain was all effort, the waters ran high, And the dark clouds of death seemed a gathering nigh, And a Siren's loud voice calmly rang o'er the wave:—
"None can e'er vanquish the love of the brave."

Long did the bridegroom mourn Zenobe fair,
Though cruel was his heart, yet love rested there,
He built her a shrine in her sweet garden green;
And there all alone and in tears oft was seen,
And there did inscribe, what his tears oft did lave:—
"None can e'er vanquish the love of the brave."

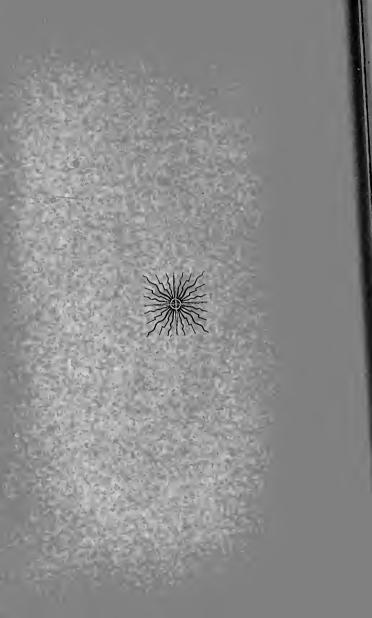




### The Vale of Arcova.

When the twilight comes softly with dew on the rose, Our thoughts would together soar fondly and free, And I'd sing down thy cyclids to sweetest repose In a voice never heard on the land or the sea.

I would feel the soft thrill of thy bosom, my love,
As it glowed like a star in its heaven of charms;
And thy spirit would rush like the coo of a dove,
And fold me so fondly in two lily arms.
—George W. Warder.



#### THE VALE OF ARCOVA. 1

Sweet vale of Arcova, by Euphrates' stream,—
Sweet is thy landscape's ethereal gleam—
Sweet are thy skies—so azure and blue,
That so radiantly glow with a heavenly hue,—
Sweet are thy breezes that morning and eve,
Sigh through the forests of green olive trees,—
Sweet are the songsters whose carols, so gay,
Are chirped in their branches throughout the glad day,
But sweeter than all is thy beauteous night,
When the soft moonbeams play on the dewy grass bright.

O, who has not heard of this Orient vale?
And felt his heart swell at its legend's regale?
O, this is the place, where in reverie strong,
The dreamy soul may its deep visions prolong;
For in legend old it is told, how the dead,
Here congregate from their lone narrow bed,

NOTE I. This poem is also an excerpt from my Arabian Romance, but I did not get the material of the story from Arabian History. The story was told me when a boy by Richard Slattery, my grandfather, who was a wondeful genius in discoursing on mystic tales of spirits, goblins, ghosts, devils, etc. He told me of a place in Iroland, a deep valley between high mountains, where bereaved wives and husbands on a certain day in the year could meet their lost mates and converse with them. The name of the Valley, I have forgotten, and the Vale of Arcova is a child of my own invention. The story as told in this poem, was told me by Mr. Slattery, in his quaint Celtic way, and I have transferred it from its origional home in the Emerald Isle to the banks of the Euphrates. I have also made the characters, bereaved lovers, instead of bereaved "wives and husbands" which according to my way of thinking at the time the poem was written is a great insprovement.

And on these swards silvered with gems of bright dew, Here do they pass in their solemn review, Here do they gather in converse to meet, And speak of the joys of Death's haven—so sweet; And here they will answer true love's bereaved cry, And gladden its sorrow by their presence nigh;—But no more need I tell how those spirits roam Between this sweet vale, and their dark narrow home.

Here bereaved lovers, whom time and sad fate,—
Their loves hold in severance, while in mortal state,
Call from the grave with love's magical spell,
The form they have lost for to say that farewell,—
The only farewell that has anguish most deep,—
That no hearts are so cold, but in its anguish weep,
For we can say farewell to a brother in death,
And stern Time shall banish the sorrow's sad breath;
And e'en to loved parents,—we can say, "Good bye,"
And lay sorrow deep in the grave where they lie;
But when death the chords of true love has broken,—
A desolate heart then shall e'er be life's token—
Sighing most sadly for lost love's regale,—
O, such was oft seen on sweet Arcova's vale.

Such the breeze echoed with cadence most lone, While bright shown the stars in their high azure throne; "O, loved one, return with thy radiant smile,— Without thee, all earth is a dreary exile"!

So siged one lover, one still silent night,
In "the sweet long ago," and there is more delight
In scenes of the past, than of aught we e'er know,
So onward, of him, let my story swift flow.
True was his heart, else in halls rich and gay,
Noble young Hajir this eve would hold sway;

But the carols of mirth and the festive, loud cheer,
No more has a charm for brave Hajir's ear;
For, like most, his heart has felt love's burning flame,
And, like few, that love can now ne'er reach its aim.
O, love's vows are true, when they last, till the tomb
Sever their chords with its darkness and gloom;
But how true are those vows, when that mound cannot
break

One single fond chord of the once plighted faith,
That still, deeply trusts, and vain sighs for a time
To again meet the form that is love's worshipped shrine?
O, such is the love, that in Hajir's heart burns!
Though lost is its hope—yet so ardently yearns
To again meet its idol—from far o'er the main
Here has he come to behold her again,—
O, haste happy spirit and cheer his sad wail!
O, meet him this night on sweet Arcova's vale!

Not long did he call, for the sweet sighing breeze, Stirred with slow cadence the green olive trees, And as though borne by this gentle breeze there, A spirit drew near-clad in raiment so fair, That the bright sheen of heaven seemed a purple scroll, Compared with the glow of this radiant soul. O, Hajir's heart throbed in emotion's wild sway To thus meet his love in immortal array; And, as his eyes danced in their admiring glee The spirit approached, and, in love's accents free, Says: "Hajir, dear Hajir, I heard thy sweet tone In the land of true rest, beyond life's dark zone, And though many voices from Earth echoed there, Yours I well knew by its sadness so rare. Yours I well knew, for 'twas sweeter than all, That from this low clime to high heaven did call."

"So, I have come back from the land of the blest, Where those, that love truly, forever shall rest, Where those, that love truly, shall see every tear, That they in bereavement of love have shed here, Changed to bright gems, that shall there brightly shine, More bright than you stars in their radiance sublime; For of all the bright crowns in high heaven's hall, The true faithful lover's is brighter than all. And I'll show you that land of the noble and true, Where a place is now vacant and waiting for you. Waiting for you, my own darling love,-Waiting for you in you raidance above; And beside that place, this-my trusting heart Sighs for the moment, when thou shalt depart From this frigid clime to you golden state, Where together we'll be till Eternity's date:-Where together we'll be, and our life's bitter woe Shall change to sweet joys that shall endlessly glow, But come to that land, I will show you its joy-Most pure and unmixed, which no fate can destroy; Here is my hand, 'tis the same that thou prest When love's fires first blazed in your manly breast, When my heart first throbed at each cherished tone, Thou confidingly whispered, in that far zone-Far, far o'er the ocean, where first we did meet, On the fair sunny plains of Italia, so sweet, -And where we did part-O, that sad woeful day! When the dread call of battle did force thee away, When our young hearts did swell with emotion, most deep.

When at parting we pledged vows eternal to keep;— Though Death intervened, ere again thou returned, Dear Hajir, in heaven, this bosom has yearned Most eager for thee, and I see that thy love Is as holy and true as mine was above. But come with me now, I'll show where love's heart Shall no more feel the pang of bereavement's sad dart, I'll show thee the place, where our bridal shall be, That we once fondly hoped would be loved Italy, Where the Nightingale sings in her olive groves free; And the gondolier floats on her bright sunny seas; But the Allwise decreed that a heavenly hall Should be our spousal chamber, when angles and all The Seraphim bright should with golden harps sing: How virtuous and noble thy true heart has been. But let us now thence, when thy haud shall touch mine The zephyr shall bear us to you starry clime.

High-high rose their forms in you azure sheen, Till all was obscured by the bright stars between, When beyond the verge of Creation's far dome, The home of the blest rose bright 'bove the gloom, Its gem burnished portals, -more bright than the sun, When at the glad morning its course has begun, And the calm lovely radiance that ever blazed there, Like millions of rainbows at noon in midair; But 'tis vain none can know what the noble and true, Enjoy in that land above yon azure blue. The portals are opened, and fair Eden's bowers, With all its resplendence of beauteous flowers, Meet these two lovers.—one still mortal clay, The other immortal, -and free from Death's sway, While golden harps echo with angel tones loud: "All heaven rejoice, for one more joins our crowd."

Veiled and hid is what passed within heaven bright, Before noble Hajir on this happy night; Oh! what gladsome scenes did his mortal eyes meet,
In that land of the blest fair Eden so sweet,?
But all is untold, and fancy naught dares
To picture one scene of its radiance fair;
But those scenes we shall see, when we hear that call loud,
"All heaven rejoice, for one more joins our crowd."

The portals of heaven reopen amain, On the threshold of gold is brave Hajir again; O, has eye ever gazed on scenes thus so sweet, -Above is bright heaven—the stars are beneath, In far nether depths he beholds their mild light, Smiling so sweetly in radiance bright; But all this is naught, his lone throbbing heart, Swells in his bosom with deep sorrow's dart; For now is the hour of parting, you know, In Earth or in Heaven a parting is woe. Why are the angels in joy so secure? Because their souls tell them it e'er shall endure, O, Heaven, if all of thy joys pure and high Should end some tomorrow, how angles would sigh? Or would not tears fall e'en in thy tearless vale, If partings were there, as through life's weary sail? O, if thou a parting from love has e'er known? Thou canst feel for brave Hajir, though near heaven's throne,

Woe throbs in his bosom, for love is the same—
In earth or in heaven—bright blazes its flame.
His love she is near—close clasped in his arm,
As often was wont in life's youthful charm,—
She leans her fair cheek on his broad manly breast,—
She is lulling his sorrow to ease and to rest,—
Though neither can speak, for utterance is vain,—
Their hearts are to full for to break silence reign.

He struggles to speak and o'er his manly face
An heroic gleam seems to there brightly trace;
But no accents ring—lost is accent's power!
What can be more painful than love's parting hour?
Again his voice struggles to break the still hue,—
O, how the tones tremble;—"Yes, I will be true"!
Then pressing his lips to her white modest cheek,
Whose grief is so deep that no answer can speak,
With an o'ermastering effort, he turns from that plain,
Nor ne'er looks he back on bright heaven again,
But angle harps echo above yonder blue:
"O heaven loves none save those that are true."

As the sunbeam descends from its bright orb of flame, Hajir descends to this drear earth again, His calm face e'en now wears a radiant smile, True will he be in his dreary exile, Arcova again, -but he naught tarrys here, Soon-loved Italia, his presence shall cheer, For fast as the winds skim the ocean's broad face, His lone bark is nearing his old native place, And lo, as the prows scale the green olive shore, How the sky piercing cheer echoes o'er aud o'er: "Hajir, the brave, has returned to our land; Hajir, so noble and high in command; Italia, rejoice for your arms long shall wave; Unconquered in might with Hajir the brave; So was he ever in peace and in war, Throughout his loved country the brave guiding star, Yet all often wondered why joy's happy gleam, Ne'er changed his visage; -he gazed on the scene Of wild festive mirth with its splendrous array, As he gazed in the dread hour of war's bloody fray,

And none could e'er fathom the thoughts of his breast; Yet all knew some sorrow did there deeply rest; But yet all did love him, for all firmly knew, That in heroic honor their Hajir was true.

Years, years rolled away, and Time's clouds of care, Had dashed their white snows upon Hajir's brow fair, Yet still was he known as the dauntless and true. And high was his fame in the land where he grew, But one lonely even his familiar face. Was not to be seen in its-old wonted place; And vain was all search, for no more was he seen, In palace or barrack where oft he had been. But legendry tells that a snowy haired knight Was seen this lone even in the gray moonlight,-Kneeling in prayer beside a lone mound, While sweet sighed the nightwind's soft cadence around, And echoed his murmurs in melody sweet, -He was thinking of friends whom no more he should meet. And his aged voice trembled, as each trusted name, Was uttered with blessings of honor and fame, But his voice trembled more as its cadences died, -His closing petition the sweet breeze thus sighed: "God bless them all, and O, grant Lord above, That my loan heart this ev'ning shall find its lost love." But no more of this knight does legendry tell, Lost, lost is his name in deep mystery's spell, But Seers often say that a voice echoed far, High in mid air from some heavenly car; Just as the bell of St. Mark pealed aloud: "All heaven rejoice, for one more joins our crowd."

#### EPILOGUE.

Ah heart, that thus pens what in legends are told Of one whom loves dream near its hope did beheld, And, yet by the yearnings of true love's sad grief, Trusted that hope e'en to death for relief, Thou, too, might fain to such lost hope abide, A hope, save in memory, the dead years now hide, And, fain might that hope find sweet love's kind regale, In the lost legend bowers of sweet Arcova's vale.





# +Huxter Puck.+

PART I.

Nulla palma sine pulvere.

Now, before you do peruse another line,
If you scorn what comes from fancy's freest wing;
Shut up the Book, for I cannot define
By any preface, what the Muse may sing;
But I here assure you, to forewarn all riskers,
That this will be a story "for your whiskers."

PAGE 101.



## HUXTER PUCK.

#### PART I.

There is a story which is worth repeating,
'Tis of a youth by nature wont to stray,
He loved this life, and thought a tear was cheating,
The heart of sunbeams, and the soul of day,
Quoth he:—''I'll sail where joy's full eddies whirl,
And scorn a teardrop as I would a churl.

But know you, now kind Reader, ere you read His Epic through, and learn its wonders burning, This gallant hero, who its marvels lead, Was a simple wight, not schooled in craft or learning;— Reared in this county—Livingston you know, In North Missouri, where great heroes grow.

Now, before you do peruse another line,
If you scorn what comes from fancy's freest wing,
Shut up the book, for I cannot define,
By any preface, what the Muse may sing,
But, I here assure you, to forewarn all riskers,
That this will be a story "for your whiskers."

Doubtless some ribald scene may be brought in,
To give full record of my heroe's glory,—
I trust such narratives are not a sin;
For there's something commonplace in every story,
And my heroe's motto you can plainly see
Is:—"Nulla palma sine pulvere."

But know ye, Critics, who will senseless jeer, The harmless echoes of the poet's song;—
I scorn your croakings, and your envious leer;
As I careless woo the rhythmic numbers strong,
I'll pursue the subject, though YE raise a breeze,
I here intend to scribble as I please.

Ye, Critics, are the hybrids of our race,—
The sneering parasites, who true worth mar,
So small your vision 'bout proud Genius' place;
Ye'd mistake a tallow candle for a star;
And that weak pygmy flame, suppose the ray
Of the blazing orb, that mighty worlds obey.

Ye live by descrating what the best
And noblest of mankind, by toil, have won;
But ye'll not in my narrative invest,
'Twill scatter ye, as wild geese from a gun,
My heroe's story, then will not be vain,
For 'twill kill the Critics, or drive them insane.

So many things did worry him, 'tis said,
That he grew cynic, and would never fain
The why of aught, such wonders rear their head,
Here in this land, which Genius can't explain,
Among us all, where licenses are right,
And colored men ere long shall turn to white.

With goodly looks by nature was he blest,
Of medium proportion was his form,
And so, of course, he was a welcomed guest,
Wherever lovely lassie's smiles were warm;
The old ladies too, would him with kindness slaughter,
When e'er he smiled upon their oldest daughter.

To laugh the laugh, that brings longevity,
And imitate the lilies of the field,
Seemed all his aim, but yet for all his levity,
A dash of cunning shrewdness he could wield;
But then sweet Poetry and endless prayers,
He thought were burdens added to our cares.

"Many were poets," quoth he, "that have whined,
Those greatest boors, how beauty charmed their woes?
But then, with me, to jollity inclined,
A pumpkin is as pretty as a rose;
Hail, thou jocund orb of smiling yellow,
Thou art sweet solace to a hungry fellow."

"Many are ministers, who pray so long,
It makes my knees weak, when I hear them blow;
The God they serve methinks hath patience strong,
If he can listen, while they bellow so,
But like a stone that falls from equipoise,
Religion oft is measured by the noise."

"And yet, they deem by prayer to reach high heaven,— Through the cold atmosphere, then passed the stars, Through Space's Vast, the mighty message riven,— Then 'gainst the Almighty's tympanum loud jars; It may be true, and yet methinks such prayer Beneath the stars is lost in lunar air."

"True prayer is holy, for oft times the heart, In silence whispers in God's listening ear, Who answer's softly,—"Child of Love, thou art, Trust on,—look upward for I'm ever near." But no such answer greets the pompous prayer, By Elocution winged to God's high chair."

"And yet the Master taught all how to pray,
How short that prayer! Oh I can hear it told;—
Give us, O Lord, our daily bread today,
That hunger may not pinch thy helpless fold,
And whatever trespass we to others give,
Forgive as we forgive,—that Love may live.

"Give us "our daily bread," what does that mean? Three meals a day, and plenty in each meal, "Forgive our trespasses," who has not seen That these petitions fill all human weal? All human suffering would in bliss be gay, In full forgiveness and three meals a day."

"Then, let us pray if we must pray at all,
Just as the Master taught us, and when men
Shall see the Master's meaning,—free from thrall,
The reigns of Brotherhood and Love begin,
The only sin, that mankind then will stain,
Is that a brother is in want and pain."

"Oft have I thought—thought doubtless, I'm mistaken, For no wise Proteus my vision guides; And new thoughts in my "think tank" may awaken, To show me that deep error there abides;—But still I think that sweet Religion's halter Pulls many hypocrites behind her altar."

"These ministers, who deal out free Salvation,
As a shuffler at draw poker throws his aces,
I some times think, a certain deprivation
Of worldly blessings make them wear such faces,
And without Inspiration they begin it,
To practice sweet Religion for "what's in it."

"But, I can only speak from observation, Through life I'll ride my Pegasus alone, If he's unruly, or sinks by prostration, On foot I'll track the pathway to the throne Without their chart of dogma's, which e'er mars The sunlit pathway to the land of stars."

"To Ministers, of wrangling creeds, I leave
The cruel dogmas of Salvation's plan,
Some of them doubtless make God's kind heart grieve,
These wild Evangelists! Alas, poor man,
When I'm too on'rary for this decent age,
I'll join such ministers, or go on the stage."

Thus cynical, he was of all that's right,
Where one saw holiness, he saw but clay,—
"This vagrant world," quoth he, "is quite a light,
To guide the laughing cynic on his way;
Should man be true, and no deception ape,
While women's forms are padded into shape?"

"They say,—"God made the camel with his hump," The shape designed to please his mighty will; But women jealous of all favor's trump, Begrudged the beast his fine old dorsal hill,

Note I. "These wild evangelists" refers to that class of people who, when they have reached the lowest limit of depravity, suddenly "get religion," take up the profession of "Gospel preaching," and proudly tell of their experience in the ways of vice for the edification of the faithful—It is lamentable that such are tolerated in the noble calling of the ministry. The Stage has also, of late, furnished a glorious field of respectability for thugs and sluggers, after they have become notorious. This is also lamentable. The Pulpit and the Stage should be saved from depravity. The inspirations of the drama that picture the hopes and feelings of the human soul, should know only the highest respectability, and should not be touched with hands profane. But the encouragement in our day that these two noble callings have given to unscruplous adventurers, justifys my pen in voicing the sentiment of this couplet.

And long in envy vexed their jealous ire, With shapeless cotton, till they thought of wire."

"O, were I some great Solomon, whose lore, The world admires, 'twould be a thing to prize, But ne'er were such a Solomon before, I'd be the paragon in mortal eyes; Sol's shade, itself, would hasten from the skies; And wince in envy to behold my wives.'

"King David was the good king, Jew's relate,
And well forsooth his was a worth most deep,
He filled a throne with honor to the state,
Though in his youth he watched his lonely sheep;
But brightest pictures must have lines of shading,—
It made him frisk to see Mrs. Uriah bathing."

Thus spoke young "Huxter Puck," as he was hight, It seemed no holy thought e'er crossed his mind, But let us hope if seen his heart aright, Its deepest throbbings were from pulses kind;—So only think his goodness was asleep; For we'll admit that it was buried deep.

And you will see Love thaws the coldest heart,
As the dropping water on the flinty stone
Wears through the rockribbed mountain, so Love's art
With grief once softened Pluto on his throne,
When love lorn Orpneus pleaded Love's bequest,
There burned kind pity in his stony breast.

And you may see, 'twill my bold hero change,
And bend his haughty knee before her shrine,
And then with grief, I doubt not, though, 'tis strange,
He'll woo, the favor of the 'tuneful Nine,'
And for true solace, in his crushing grief,
He'll seek sweet Poety to find relief.

Young Huxter, as he was beginning life, Espied a maiden—fairer than the rose; Such as object not e'er to be a wife; But blush to crimson, if you dare propose; But despite the blushes that their feelings harry, Just propose, and they'll be sure to marry.

So light her form did move amid the crowd, She seemed a spirit crowned with smile and blush, Bold Huxter felt his cynic heart beat loud, When first he met her in her beauty's flush; Her lifted skirt did make that beating painy, But such was wisdom, for you know 'twas rainy.

There went a thrill into his deepest soul,
Thoughts sprang within his bosom like a flame;
Such thoughts no mortal hand has writ on scroll,
Ablaze with passion, that no might could tame;
Oh well might Muse such burning feelings beg,
There's inspiration in a pretty leg.

They met, and were acquainted, be that known, 'Tis tedious for to tell the where and how; They loved, for youthful hearts cannot be stone, She loved his light heart, he her modest brow; And Love can't figure with an odd abstraction, Two is the unit, one a nameless fraction.

So these to beings, one, by Love's decree, Did often meet in glen, and shady lane; Young, innocent of heart, their artless glee, Would force a blessing from the coldest swain; But people now, when lovers take a walk, Will wink and titter, or else stand and gawk. And they did seem in heart, so pure, so mild, As fond twin spirits of ethereal mould, Sojourners here in guise of earthly child, With souls e'er lifted to the starry hold, So Love's touch changed the cynic and the maid, They feared the end, for which I am afraid.

For O, the saddest! they were forced to part,! In tears 'twas written, and reread in groans, But duty called him, so he closed his heart, And went to saw wood for old farmer Jones, There lone in exile all his days to while; And mourn his sweet love far away—a mile.

But ere they parted, they did have a meeting, To weep adieu, in accents—faltering weak,— That long remembered saddest of all greeting, When tears were mingled on each close pressed cheek, And arms entwining hold each embrace, The folds contracting almost banish space.

Unique the parting, they had heard the tale Of Romeo in fair Italia's clime, Such to bold Huxter never could grow stale, He thought such parting was of bliss sublime, But why Italia has though loves hot fury, While poets make no mention of Missouri?

For why should not Missouri be the land
Of inspired song and happy minstrelsy;
When every heart is but a smoldering brand,
Of burning passion, throbbing wild and free,
To burst in song, and breathe from chords of fire,
A strain immortal from her unstruck lyre."

And sure do not her sons deserve the goal
Of honor meeded to the mighty dead?
Though Eastern dotards deem our state the hole,
Where thieves and bandits find a harboring shed;
They yet must learn that such is quite erratic,
E'en if Missouri does go Democratic.

They are a race—warmhearted—simple—true, Beside each hearthstone they've a vacant chair, Where the worn stranger may his strength renew In friendly welcome, which dissolves all care; Their only fault, they sometimes tip the jug, And in hot youth are wild cats on the hug.

If life abides, until Age spreads her snow, Missouri will of romance be the queen, And o'er her hills admiring bards shall go, To see the sunset on her prairies green; The land of homes, which noble hearts command, Which even beggars cali: "The Beefsteak Land."

Upstairs and facing to the golden West,
The night-apartment of his sweet heart lay,
Where oft she mused, as a white angel blest—
Watching the last beams of the fading day,
The soft beams sparkling, as they sank to rest—
Guling her swan throat, and her snowy breast.

This evening she'd retired, but sleep was vain, She rose and by her window mused in tears, "They say he's left me, Oh, can Love again E'er bring him near me for to soothe my fears?" When lo—an object, which did make her gladder, She saw young Huxter nearing with a ladder. She knew him, and her smile spoke welcome rare, Her artless nature knew no blushing frown, Her hair loose flowing o'er her shoulders bare, She seemed a scraph in her snowy gown;—

Ah Art! how pompous is thy beauty dressed, But Nature's simple beauty is the best.

The ladder is ascended, heart to heart
In fondest press, each beating bosom lay,
But not a whisper could a thought impart,
Love's warm pent feelings ruled in silent sway,
Her white arm round his waist held breakless hold,
His round her soft neck pressed with force untold.

"Farewell, farewell, one kiss and I'll descend!"
Another kiss, but he descended not,
Another clasp, but that did only tend
To make him linger in that holy spot,
When lo—he gasped in tones of flurried clipping;—
"Hold! Hold me love! The ladder it is slipping."

She held him! Oh, so firm her tender arm, In one quick moment was as strong as steel; Her maiden heart—unshaken by alarm, Felt that emotion, which the worriors feel, She braced herself, his weight to overweather, And drew him in the window like a feather.

Down went the ladder—thundering—crashing—breaking, Making cruel havoc as it scraped the wall, Roused up from sleep below were spirits waking, "A kingdom for a light," rang through the hall, The frightened geese in terror waked to flee, Old Towser barked, and Tom Cat climbed a tree.

Below was all confusion, frenzy reigned, "Where is the shotgun?" rose above the din, Young Huxter paled as if his heart was pained, He knew Sir Shotgun has a deadly grin, To man, though virtue has his aim inspired, In lady's chamber after she's retired.

What could be done was quicker done than said, The whitegowned maiden heard the stairway ring, Above the shame which might dishonor shed, She knew that murder might its red bolts fling; And sure 'twas right if aught could it prevent, Such fell disaster from an accident.

Quickly rushed she to her downy bed, Threw back the feather tick, says; "Jump in here;" He jumped, she smoothed it lightly o'er his head, And then got in herself with happy cheer, Blush not, kind Reader, seek not to bemean 'em, You know there was a feather tick between 'em.

The door burst open! Lo, her angered sire, With lamp and shotgun like a murdering Jade, For e'en his eyes, did flash unearthly fire, But all was quiet, and Sleep's arm clasped the maid, "Oh dearest papa," waking she exclaimed: "Come kiss me, you looked worried, who is blamed."

He neither answer, nor a notice gave; But scanned the chamber, as a wolf of prey, In every nook, but not a lurking knave Did shake a shadow in his searching way; He gave his old head then a mighty twirl: "He's gone the villian, that would steal my girl." Next came the housewife in her nightly robe, With face as flurried as the wind-blown snow, With eagle eye each recess she did probe, "The bed," she thinks, "seems not so very low;" But the cute maid to scrutinizing stop, That dubious elavation rolled on top.

Mother and sire, then sat beside their child, And told how pirate bold in bygone day— Climbed ladies window, then o'er ocean wild, Had borne her as a prize far, far away;— When wonder and amazement broke all ease; From neath the pillow came a mighty sneeze.

"The gods and furies" shouts the father wild,
"Kill the villian!" did the mother say,
And snatched up hurriedly her lovely child,
Lest danger should o'ertake her where she lay,—
Young Huxter thought; "Alas my love so hot,
But brought me where I'll get a load of shot!"

But one quick idea changed his night to day, He set his teeth, "I'll flunk 'em," he exclaimed, And as the sire and matron at him aimed, He crouched himself as tiger when at bay, Then made a spring with one tremendous oath, And flopped the heavy feather tick o'er both.

Crushed sank they there—the "armed hosts o'erpowered." In medley mixture 'neath the weight went down, Above bold Huxter, whom no danger cowered, Sat like a monarch with a kingly crown, "Lie there," he says, "ye souls for death so gory, And patiently now hear my simple story."

He stated then the circumstances plain, And begged them to weigh kindly every point, Why he was found where honor should disdain, Was not that virtue had a crooked joint; "No, both were placed, so virtue could not fall, A feather tick guards virtue like a wall."

But all in vain his reasoning power to calm,
The irate sire did writhe beneath the weight;
"He will get up!" the maid screamed in alarm,
"Not so, by Jove!" says Huxter, "I'll just state,
That I'm on top, the monarch of the day,
And to this kingdom I have come to stay."

But like proud Caesar was his boast o'erthrown, The mother, fainting 'neath the weight, did cough, The maiden could not bear her gasping moan, "You cruel thing," she said, and pushed him off, "Et tu Brute!" he said with look dismay, And turned and down the stairway fled away.

Out in the lonely midnight then he fled, That last rebuke a burning in his heart, And O, 'tis sad, that his high purpose led, To such disastrous ending. From the start There was misfortune, not a lucky breeze From falling ladder till the traitor sneeze.

"That was the most unkindest sneeze of all,"
Which threw on spotless innocence a stain,
Which, though the Muse is truthful, some will fall,
And make that virtuous feather tick inane,
A sinful thought—but minds in such condition,
Would make a zero of the best partition.

But gentle Reader, you that know how pure Are woman's ways w'o'n't cavil at my tale, But hear with kindness, and again be sure, You'll see bold Huxter in a second gale, But now I bid you, "Gramercy," but wait, And know this hero from our wondrous state.



# +Huxter Puck.+

PART II.

For Huxter was on this point patriotic, He thought one man as good as any other, He never learned that custom, here exotic, Which makes a blue blood to enslave a brother; All kings, all nobles are no worth at all To independent manhood with some gall.

PAGE 118.



### HUXTER PUCK.

#### PART II.

O, Dawn, presiding goddess of the morn,
Rosy wreathed thick in azured gold;
When glow thy bright eyes then the Day is born,
O, birth resplendent! Glorious to be hold!
The stars of Heaven hide, the Darkness flee,
The roosters crow, which always waken me.

But, glorious Dawn, some hail thee with a sigh, Some owl souled mortals, fearful of the light, And others, who when care and sorrow's nigh, Would rather weep unpitied in the night, The darkness being a veil to hide the tear, That e'er in salty bitterness is near.

So felt young Huxter, when the morning gray
Dawned on the earth, he was a sorry wight,
He shrank from view in hugger-mugger way,
"By Jove," says one, "Young Puck must not be right,
His mind is wandering, what on Earth can be?
A brick like him could no misfortune see."

Ah, not misfortune weighed upon his breast, But first love's shaft of disappointment keen Was quivering in his heart in fierce unrest, And raising bedlam, where a soul had been, But day light bright soon made him stir his bones, For he had service pledged at farmer Jones. Rousing himself, and shaking off the spell, He says: "Yes, I must go, but I would fain, That life were naught, for hope is now a hell, When love's pure honor bears a crimson stain; In Scandal's mouth my story will be tough, But for myself, I would not care how rough."

But there's another, she, I loved, will see
The scowl of scorn, the looks, the jibes, the jeers,
And how 'twill crush her! she in modesty,
Pure as the violet when its bloom appears!
My God! What fate could make the picture sadder,
Caused in a moment by that luckless ladder."

"But dearest, if on Earth there yet remain Purity and virtue, dyed in Honor's flame, Thou'lt yet be mine, pure snow-washed without stain, Thy guileless heart, my Rosa, will I claim, Claim thee, and win thee, star of love and life, My Paradise begins, when thou'rt my wife."

Thus, pledged young Huxter Puck in accents bold, In true Missouri fashion be it known,
An honest vow from a true heart not cold,
Pledged in the fervency of Love's warm tone,
Let hope with truth he reckoned without shame,
E'en though his lineage be unknown to fame.

For Huxter was on this point patriotic, He thought one man as good as any other, He never learned that custom here exotic, That makes one blueblood to enslave a brother, "All king's, all nobles are no worth at all, To independent manhood with some gall." Quite long stood Huxter in sad cogitation, Upon the worrying scenes of love and hope, Passion, the spark lit in a heart's vibration, Consumes the very pulse in which it woke, But as we said the daylight stirred his bones, For he had service pledged at farmer Jones.

So, in his woodyard soon he took his stand,
A youth as honest as e'er told in story,
With "horse" and "bucksaw," his entire command,
He started his triumphant march to glory;
And whose won glory in a sterner way,
Than he who saws up stove wood by the day.

Now farmer Jones was one of these old sinners, Whose days are toil, whoes nights are worried sleep, Devising plans to beat all money winners, In gaining wealth to hoard in miser keep, His soul so little, if a might should fall Upon his pate, 'twould bury soul and all.'

Despite his niggardness, his boastful pride, Claimed for himself silkstockinged ancestry, An F. F. V.—By George! but I'll not hide Aught of his faults, to save an F. F. V. Their somewhat slow in shuffling off their caste, For in slavery days they lived a little fast.

But why silkstockinged, more than you or I Kind Reader? pardon me, I cannot say, Old Jones to wear a sock did never try; And his good wife, if you'll allow me pray, In summer time went barefoot, and in fall Wore woolen stockings, or else none at all.

For six long hours, Young Huxter plied the saw In Jone's woodyard, wearily went the hours, He thought his spinal column had a flaw, For one poor joint did ache above the powers, When, hark! glad news! loud rang the dinner bell, Which made him drop the bucksaw with a yell.

At dinner Mrs. Jones was most complaisant; Asked of his folks, his age, his weight, his height And his religion, then somewhat evasant, Asked if he thought the Democrats were right, Or would Republicans the honors win, Or again, like Hayes, be simply counted in?

Now Huxter was at all times quite plain spoken, He said, "his folks were honest wights, though poor, They earned by toil the sweet loaf gladly broken With soup or gravy by the kitchen door, His father was a Frenchman from old Gaul, His mother,—well she was no man at all."

Born in Missouri, reared on homely fare, She did a mother's part by him, but fate Had made him reckless, and he would not care To play the devil, but his soul did hate To grieve his mother, so he forsook joys, But that was all or he'd be with the boys."

"His mother too," he said, "was very kind, Easily fretted, yet severely good,— Sanctified and holy in her mind, His father of the Mormon brotherhood, But somewhat worldly, had some manly pride, And at elections oft too much imbibed." "But with himself, religion cut no figure, Both Jew and Gentile were to him so so,-At least he'd wait until a little bigger, Then he'd investigate and surely know. The safest Creed to pilot him afar,. And let him easiest through "the gates ajar."

"That yesterday his age was just eighteen, His weight two hundred, less some sixty pound, His height five eight, in summer he grew lean," He said, and cast his hungry eyes around, The table spread, the fare was somewhat light To brace a stove wood sawer till the night.

But, then surroundings were not very bad, The matron was a rather buxom dame Of forty summers, she one servant had, A lass whose flames of passion were not tame, And both to him were sweet and over kind, Which made a good impression on his mind.

He asked, "why Mr. Jones was not at table?"
"Just gone to Kansas City on a call
Of business urgent, and would not be able,
To return that day;" says Mrs. Jones, "So all
His work devolves on you and in good sooth,
You'll take his plan and be his substitute."

What is Kansas City any-how?
Is it a forest or Menagerie?
For I have heard that those who go there now,
Go full equipped with best artillery,
Lest they take hazzards with the dangers there,
Experience teaches that they load "for bear."

And what's St. Louis, too I'd like to ask? Is it a marsh, bayou or lagoon? With trees close by, among whose branches bask, The gregarious polecat or the ringtailed coon? For hunters from there who have found release, Say if you go there you should load "for geese."

And what's Chicago, where they'll have the fair? I can't immagine, but I have no doubt,
That when the fair is, it will find you there,
So till then kind Reader, keep a sharp lookout,
And don't be worried if it comes to grief,—
A World's Fair fashioned out of pork and beef. 1

But Mr. Jones had gone to Kansas City, Not to St. Louis or the Bigfoot Hub, So it matters not to me, nor to my ditty, About the others, not one syllabub; All now I want, my story here to grace, Is how young Huxter filled Old Jones' place.

All afternoon he put in sawing wood,
Till the sun went down behind the Western Zone,
Then quoting Scripture he said "all was good;"
But in his spinal column was a bone,
'That ached in fury with all other joints,
As if Synovia'd turned to bristling points.

Then Mrs. Jones, a smiling, came to meet him,
Told him, "the chores were done and supper spread,
Where welcome's gladdest cheer would ever greet him,
As the Rose's cheek toward sunlight turns its head,"
"My Goodness," thought our hero, "an't she flip,
But for an old dame has a charming lip."

NOTE 1. This was written in 1888 when the first Bill, in regard to the World's Fair, passed Congress.

The supper over, Huxter weary-grown, And his worn limbs for rest would fain depart, A thought, teardipped, in memory would alone, Picture its reminiscent sadness to his heart, So to the Dame, he hinted his desire;—
"That he to rest would gladly now retire."

The Dame surprised at his uncalled for hurry, Expressed regrets that he should be so tired, "But sleep was best to soothe the scars of worry And slavish toil," and so "though she desired, His company much longer it was best, That he should for the evening go to rest."

She told him of 'her beds to take his pick, Her own was soft and downy as the snow, And warm as wool, the feathers in the tick, That very year upon her geese did grow, The pillows soft as plush, the sheets milk-white, To wrap a toil worn mortal for the night."

He said, "he'd take the bed up in the attic, He'd rest then nearest the eternal stars, That shine in glory on poor souls erratic, With silvery kindness, heeding not life's scars, Besides 'twould never do for her to change, She'd take Pneumonia at the shortest range."

She told him, "that she had no thought of changing, Her object was to have his approbation, Her aim all selfishness to be repairing. Her hope to lighten wearisome prostration, And so she thought her bed the best of means, To give quick passage to the land of dreams."

This said, she led him to the upper story,
Turned down the spreads, the snow-white sheets between,
Should he his place in Slumber's land of glory
Until the Dawn. She then drew down the screen,
And set a chair beside the bed alert,
Upon which to lay his coat and pants and shirt.

Then bidding him, "good night," she went away, "How kind that woman," murmured Huxter low, And with this thought upon his couch he lay His work-worn frame. The world and all its woe Is lost in Oblivion's enchantment deep; Sweet rest from labor in the arms of Sleep.

Oh Sleep, thou wondrous miracle of rest,
Thou vale where Life and Death mysterious meet,
Where shadowy Darkness spreads her sombre crest,
And the worn heart pulse almost cease to beat,
I bless thy hour, Care dare not show her head,
Beside the soft pillows of a feather bed.

Sweet vale of ease, soft bower of love and grief, Sweet bed, thy secrets by no tongue is told, Night's curtains fold thee, and in dim relief, The star-eyed angels of the skies behold Thy peaceful place, they blush and often weep, But ne'er a whisper of thy secrets deep.

Thou bower of Love, kind Cupid's paradise, Clasps—kissess—Smiles—the fond endearments shown,—The hot hearts flamed—fond eyes—love-lit—there lies 'Twixt thy white folds—a universe unknown, Of bliss ecstatic—pains of birth—Death's fears, Thou voiceless crucible of joys and tears.

Into this universe no peering eye,
Of anxious explorer ever penetrates,
Its isles—its groves—its vales, all hidden lie
In Love's sweet sunlight that the daylight hates,
The poets as Columbus can explore,
And surmise a new world from a river's roar. 2

Ah poets, shadowy spirits of a dream,
First known at Delphi, hearts of song and fire,
Taught by the winds, the stars, the flowers, the stream,
The untold pathos of a world's desire,
Blush not that I in song a tribute shed,
On the true virtues of a feather bed.

When I was young, I learned in Catechism, That I three foes in mortal dread must shun, The World, the Flesh, the Devil, by whose ism, He leads poor souls to hell fire one by one, The first misleads, the second feeds desire, While the third is ever waiting with his fire.

But I love the World, and the Flesh with all its weakness, I'll not condemn, the heart is flesh you know,
Fond fount of love, of pride, of joy, of meekness,
On thy soft breast, I'll pillow every woe,
And cool the hot temples of an aching brow,
For only hearts of flesh the pitying throbs allow.

And the Devil too, Poor Fellow, long ago
Thrown from the battlements of Paradise
By Michael's sword, pierced, wounded thrust below
In hell's hot caverns, ne'er from them to rise;
A little pride thy fault,—Alas! Poor Satan,
'Tis time thy torments were for aye abating.

NOTE 2. Refers to the Discovery of South America by Columbus at the mouth of the Orinoco River in 1498. He declared that such a large river could only belong to a continent.

Yes, and to me, it seems not beyond reason, That Divine justice should in time relent, And grant you pardon for the early treason, That you and your angels to hell's torments sent, For surely now you've boiled and fryed so long, That spirit of treason can't be in you strong.

If I could learn what's the particular code, In that high Court of record 'bove the stars; Some writ-remedial I'd sue out, and load My brain with facts to ope Plutonian bars, And before that Court I'd argue long and well, To get you habeas corpus out of hell.

Then when released, to meeting we'd go out,
Where backsliders rejoin and speak in turn,
The way they blame you for their crimes and doubt,
Would make your heart with indignation burn,
Until with wrath and anguish you'd cry, "O,
How can they slander a poor devil so!"

And they tell me also, men versed in Theology, That all humanity are born depraved, And prone to sin, yet they make no apology For the weak heart, that has in sin long strayed, They tell him an eternal hell's about, • And perhaps there may, but yet I have a doubt.

But I care not for Theology, I know
It has proud champions, men of Brawn and Brain,
To brace its tenets, and the even flow
Of my weak rhyme asks not of them one strain,
The Muse wants naught, but readers for a jury
To judge his hero from old North Missouri.

Missouri,—land of herces,—kings uncrowned,
Whose heritage is honor, when their deeds are told,
King's glories pale, if truth but dares to sound
The modest virtues of their hearts of gold;
Whether in home of slabs or frescoed stone,
Missouri's son's proud honor is his throne.

But here, By George, I'm growing sentimental,—Pardon me Reader, Huxter was asleep,
To wake him now booth's not a continental,
So let us o'er his slumbers take a peep,
For Morpheus to Mors oft hands the wheel
Of life's worn bark without a warning peal.

So as he slept he dreamed, and dreamed and slept, And visions flitted passed his wandering brain, When lo, a light foot on the threshold stept He heard, but woke not, yet half waked would fain Be full awake and full asleep to know What spirits were astir in that drear twilight glow.

He immagined he behled a white robed figure Gaze over his pillow,—they were bright eyes too, Sky blue and lustrous,—beaming in the vigor Of Love's first verdure, and the form, so true Of Symmetry,—the fair neck and round shoulders, And two breasts shining like two marble boulders.

All held him still, transfixed, and half awake,
Two auburn curls set well the snow white brow,
And the long hair, loose flowing, each soft flake
Waving and quivering, as the winds that plough
Through fields of waving grain, they move and sway
A shadowy substance where each soft fringe play.

As plump an arm, as ever from a shoulder Reached out in Space, or round a waist encircled, Such was the sprite, and trembling to behold her He lay there moveless in enchantment girtled, Or perhaps some night mare was his tired brain raking, For though not frightened, all his joints were shaking.

At last, by one quick effort he arose,
The vision quickly fled, he quick pursued,
As through the door it glided, to oppose
His close pursuit the closed door did intrude,
But in closing caught the spirit's robe of white
Close to the bottom, and there held it tight.

Only a moment, when the door he opened,
Nothing but darkness in the hall he spied;
And all was silent, nothing there betokened
The fair white specter; long he vainly tried
To pierce the bleakness, but the vision fair
Had gone to other climes, and vanished in thin air.

His eyeballs almost jumped from out their sockets; His hair did bristle like the porcupine, His teeth did chatter and as quivering rockets, His knees did tremble, but he caught no sign Of Ghost or goblio, and his face blanched white To see there naught but vacancy and night.

He reached out in the hallway's darkness far His trembling hands, then listened but no move Of spirit or mortal did the stillness mar, Save the sad night breeze through the Acacia grove, And flowering maples, which made drear the gloom, And sombre stillness of that sleeping room. Frightened and trembling, but as yet undaunted And regaining his self confidence, he thought That if Old Jones' Domicile was haunted, "Surely the specter, had of terror naught One semblance, but was fair of form and feature, And all things considered, was a handsome creature."

Advancing through the open door, his foot Was caught in something soft and white as snow, Which seeing, he jumped back in terror, but He'd fixed his mind the mystery to know, So setting his teeth in fury 'gainst the ha'nter, He sprang on the white object like a panther.

What was it that he seized? a flaky mass, Formless and shapeless with no limbs or features, Impalpable enigma,—which all dreams surpass! Verily these ghosts are truly wondrous creatures, What seemed to be a woman fair and sweet, Transformed before him to a chemise d'nuit.

He struck a light to make examination, Yes, such was the ghost, but muslin and fringes, The Lace fringed neck a decollete creation, The sleeveless armhole, that the shoulder hinges:— Only a chemise in its flossy guise, Which he'd supposed a spirit from the skies.

This made him feel more terrified than ever, And the mystery was darker than before, The ghost, where was it? for that mantle never Of its own motion walked his bedroom floor, "Maybe a ghost's transparent form and mien Must wear a lady's chemise to be seen." Examining farther, his investigation
Discovered, that the door, in closing, caught
The lower hem, and fearing castigation,
The poor ghost doubtless had no other thought,
But to escape, and being in a flurry,
Had slipped the garment down, and went off in a hurry.

He felt ashamed then that he had pursued The festive ghost, for surely it was leaving; And to hasten its departure was quite rude, For this white mantle it will long be grieving, For even ghosts are modest and do feel Too timid to go scaring deshabille.

Contrition then inspired his mind to seek The ghost disrobed, and offer an apology To its offended majesty, which weak Fear had made him insult, and Theology Says, "spirits hover over us when alone To hold our feet up, lest they strike a stone."

Meandering through the corriders and hall, Long silently he sought the frightened sprite To make due restitution, but in all His searching he found nothing. For the night, In gloomy silence, kept each secret trace, By which the specter vanished from that place.

But hark! he heard a wild and piereing shriek From Mrs. Jones' Bedroom down the stair! She called his name in terror, and his cheek Blanched white with horror, and the hair Upon his head stood endwise, while his breathing Was 'bout as painful as a baby's teething. Her door flew open, and she come abounding
Up the stairs toward him, screaming as she went;—
"There're robbers in the house! I've heard the pounding
Of muffled feet, that silently have bent
Their way through every hallway of the house!
Searching for plunder like a hungry mouse!"

Before he thought to hasten to his room, She was between him and his bedroom door, This made him quite uneasy though the gloom, Of night enshrouded him, both aft and fore, But then, oh horrors! he was dressed lamentable! And to a lady scarcely presentable!

One hickory shirt, that came down to his waist, Was all the vesture that did him array, All sans culotte and shoeless in his haste To catch the specter, that did flee away, He'd ventured forth, far braver than the witches, To catch an untamed ghost without his breeches.

But quick in action, or expedient, He drew the chemise on, and thus arrayed, He quickly went forth to her call obedient, But seeing a white object, more dismayed, She ran down stairs a yelling like a Dane, And he pursued on purpose to explain.

Seeing him pursuing made her scream:
"Oh murder, thieves, ghosts, robbers, help and save!
Their're after me! my God! Oh do I dream?
No, help! Oh save! Come quick! The very grave.
Gives up its dead; or else the very devil,
In Jones' absence has come here to revel!"

He called to her to stop and not to fear, But in her fright she heard and heeded not, And dashed into her room ere he was near, And slammed the door and tremblingly got Into her bed, and hid close under "kiver" With every limb and muscle in a shiver.

There moaning and trembling like a frightened fawn With hounds at bay, she wailed most piteously, It made him sad to think that what had drawn, Him from his rest, should cause such misery, For the ghost had gone, that lured him to the hall, And his presence played the devil with it all.

Paused at her door, he thought it best to enter, And explain to her the whole sad mystery, And that "his robe, so ghostly, which had sent her Down stairs, he'd put on 'cause he could not flee, And in man's anatomy some parts there be, Which ladies should not think about or see."

So thus resolved he pushed the closed door open,
Hearing him enter made her louder scream,
And Plead more piteous. Thus while he was hoping
To soothe her terrors, wilder terrors beam,
As oft in life we see kind efforts run,
All to the devil 'cause they're overdone.

He went up to the bed, and tried to take The covers back and tell her, "have no fear; That 'twas no ghost, but he, and for his sake Soothe all her terror, for no harm was near, That from all danger he'd protect her well," But every effort brought a louder yell. Thus he kept pulling, and she kept a yelling,
And huddling herself closer 'neath the cover,
Her frightful screams, through hall and doorway swelling,
Made hideous havoc where night's phantoms hover,
When lo! a cry! that shook his very bones,
And maddened in the stairway rushed Old Jones.

Armed with a club, revolver or a gun,
He struck at him, but missed his deadly aim,
Then, fired two shots. Then chased him on the run
Around the room, but as he closer came
Upon his fleeing victim, Huxter stopped,
And o'er him 'gainst the window Old Jones flopped.

Fierce as a tiger, Huxter sprang upon him, And crushed him by sheer force unto the floor, Then quickly wrenched the club and pistol from him, And threw them in the hallway out the door, Then kicked and pounded him in vengeance drear, Until he bawled for mercy like a steer.

Then leaping out the doorway, out he sped Still sans culotte you know, and loosely robed In ghostly chemise, but this feature led Him not to contemplate, for he erstwhile probed Dangers more serious, as the hours gyrated, What booths him if his dress be not furcated.

But, as he hurried past the outer door,
An angry hand was laid upon his arm,
Which stopped his pace, and sparkling there before,
Beamed two eyes, the Ghost's, but not for harm,
'Twas only the maid a storming like a clown;
Says: "Here's your breeches give me back my gown."

A quick exchange, he jumped into his breeches,
And jumped out of the chemise in a trite,
And swearing something, that my conscience twitches,
Threw her the chemise, and resumed his flight.
Without delaying to essay remarks,
As Tam O'Shanter's witches in their sarks.

Out in the darkness, then he took his way,
Another night's disaster he had seen,
And contemplation made a sombre ray
Spread o'er his future, but let hope between
His past and future still smile on his story,
And from ladder and chemise lead him to glory.



# +Huxter Puck.+

PART III.

Now, Reader, you have read against my wishes, So far; and how I wish that I might say.—
"Thus far, but now no farther," for suspicious I am that the dear Muse is "getting gay:"
And when she gets into such tantrum, know I can't do anything but let her go.



# HUXTER PUCK.

#### PART III. .

Now, Reader, you have read against my wishes, So far; and how I wish that I might say,—
"Thus far, but now no farther," for suspicious I am that the dear Muse is "getting gay;"
And when she gets into such tantrum, know I can't do anything but let her go.

But I want to save your conscience, free of scandal, For, I love you Reader, far more than my art, And woe is me, if I should dare to handle With sacrilegious hand, your saintly part; For though I love your friendship and good will, I love your "soul's salvation" better still.

So, if you will persist, 'tis not my fault,
In cautioning you I have fulfilled my duty,
Heed the good warning lest too late the salt
Of bitterness may mar the glow of beauty,
Which now englamors my great heroe's name,
And meeds to him a gallant wreath of fame.

'Tis sweet to hear the vesper song of home,
'Tis sweet to meet love's smile, when toil is done;
'Tis sweet to look in lovelit eyes unknown,
And see the flame of passion just begun;—
'Tis sweet to laugh with children when they play,
But when they bawl, you'd better be away.

'Tis sweet to dream, when one is by himself,
Alone in bed, of all his past amours;
Fond eyes,—long vanished—as a snowy elf,
Light up the darkness, and again the moors
And grassy vales, we see, where once we met,
And whispered words in parting, cherished yet.

'Tis sweet,—well mostly anything is sweet,— Vinegar? yes—and sour krout too, Whisky,—beer,—champaign;—all hard to beat, Their sweet as mountain berries dipped in dew, And garlic, tobacco, all are sweet as paste, If one has just an educated taste.

So e'er in life, in all the mighty Earth,
Things are just as the minds of men are taught,
Sweet, sour, hard, round, sadness or mirth,
Criminal or holy, commendable or aught,
Righteousness or vice, with its abomination;
Are all the mere creatures of our education.

But again my story, I must now resume,
Though philosophising is to me a hobby,
But my Reader's patience, I must not consume
By wondering theories,—rather plain and shoddy:—
The stars grow tired of twinkling, and the song
Of sweetest singer wearries if too long.

So, gentle Reader, if my humble tale
Has to your fancy, still a moment's charm;
Bear with bold Huxter in his hurried sail,
From late disaster on Old Jone's farm;
A suspect criminal he takes his way,
But sunspots never mar the light of day.

No, they are but sunspots, and some wise men say:—
"They indicate the seasons and the weather;"
That the big Sun has shine enough to leave a ray
Of blackness mar his visage, which together
With his great light, is never seen at all,
Except by scientists, then very small.

Just, as the faults of many men are seen,— Hale, hearty fellows,—gloriously well met,— The splendor of their hearts in kindness beam, And in their absence Joy's bright sun is set,— Still impious envy can discern a scar, And green eyed Scandal picture it afar.

So thus it goes, and some do feign excuse, And tell us that all men some faults possess, But yet grieve for it. Not so, my Muse, These faults are Nature's smiles, which do caress And break the glare of tedious goodness, so Things may not be monotonous, you know,

But, I must tell you of my hero now,
He erred, or sinned, at least the people told;
A heinous crime it was and virtue's brow
Would hush my story, if I were so bold,
As e'en to dare to quibble up a doubt;
But all the sin was that they found it out.

Or had Old Jones just staid away that night, My heroe's name would still be bright in story; But since he did not, then I have no right To change the record,—be it shame or glory, Men take big chances either night or day, In a matron's bed room, when her man's away. But you, kind Reader, who the whole truth hears, Will have a little pity in your heart,
And forbear censure, —As each scene appears,
We'll not conceal one feature. All our art
Will be to keep unvanished every deed,—
Then bid us on our narative "God speed."

For days, Young Huxter was a hunted swain,—A fugitive from justice. By the law
Pursued and followed, but for all, in vain,
The pursuing minions, ne'er their victim saw;—To deepest woods he fled a refugee,
And God's first temples gave him sanctuary.

There in Deep solitude, alone he thought,—
How sad his fate,—pursued for Tarquin's crime,
Though his Lucrece had his chamber sought,
And seduced his caution. Though he had not time
To lose his virtue, or to hers essay;
But still appearances did point that way.

And then he mused on lave, the Siren sweet, Whose song, if true, leads to the Elyssian strand, Where stars,—bejewelled with gold, and glistening, meet Fond eyes entranced, and hearts, pierced by her wand, In an ocean of Rhapsody pulse, throb and play, In the blue sunlit sheen of everlasting day.

But O, when false! Ah wormwood,—joy or Hope Has not a whisper,—darkness,—gloom and night! The heart heaves wildly, but no vistas ope, Save deserts—sunscorched—drear and awful blight; False Love,—thou blasphemy of truth's pure name, Thou dread fiasco of a living flame!

And then, he thought of Fame and Life and Death,
And looked in Philosophy. Oh, how proudly grand
The thoughts that stirred his bosom! But his breath
Here hushed its beating, for he heard the sound
Of close pursuer. So he thought it right,
To leave Philosophy, and take his flight.

To deeper shades he, therefore, made retreat, Along the classic banks of River Grand, Just South of Chillicothe. Here 'tis meet, I should apologize for my off hand Rhyme,—to e'en make mention of this humble city, For sure 'tis worthy of a loftier ditty.

But, I only mention it, because 'twas known,
My hero loved her with an ardent flame,
And forced to leave her—an intrusive groan;
Broke at the thought, though humble was his name
His heart clung fondly to his villiage home;
For of all the wide world, only here was Rome.

Chillicothe,—a name in which no rhyme
Can smoothly bear its cadences with thee,
Brash—broken and aspirate, that no rhythmic chime
Can use thy name on lute or ministrelsy;
But yet, in thee, a poet's song might raise.
A hero—worthy of a deathless praise.

Just like the hero, now, whose deeds so bold,
My Muse is telling to your patient ear,
And you will love him yet, when all is told,
And o'er his coffin you will drop a tear,
And say to the erring wanderer,—'Sweet rest,"
As he sleeps neath the blue grass on thy silent breast.

For this, in truth, was twenty years ago,
When weeds grew in the square—in sore vexation
Of modern taste, and teams ranged in a row
In deepest mud,—to the sore dilapidation
Of a broken fence, and hitch poles gnawed and frayed
By hungry horses, while their masters strayed.

Strayed—where the rosy fountains sparkled red—Whose humid atmosphere bedimed the eye,
And the inhalations, it was often said—
"Made one's head dizzy," as he sauntered by,
As though on stilts, with grim fear in his look,
Dodging from lamp posts every step he took.

But all is changed! A few memorials now! On the shady side, at noon-day, still is found Min Herr, Saalli,—unchanged, then as now,—Herrings, Limburger, Lager still abound;—Fair City, if thy past in memory lack, This ancient beer shop will recall it back.

And also, McIwrath on the East side,—
The Bookman,—wise as Plato, and as gay,
As Tam O'Shanter, ere he took his ride;
And a kind friend to depend on any day,
Fair City, thy sure fate is somewhat cheerin',
To have such land-mark as this son of Erin.

And good Abe Wallbrunn, I must not forget him, Another land-mark,—one who came to stay,—
Honest—sincere—kindhearted,—who has met him; And has not loved him from that very day,
Dear Abe, excuse me, when I use thy name
To give our humble City's worth to fame.

And other land marks, doth the Muse engage;— Judge Samuel the aged Nestor of the Bar, As ripe in wisdom as the Grecian sage, Who guided the downfall of the Trojan star, Dear Judge, no city will oblivion see, That claims such generous, noble souls as thee.

And Henry Wallbrunn too,—a grand, good fellow, As a true land-mark might be mentioned here, Generous and kind, but yet not mellow,—
He counts his dollars laid by every year,
And notes their increase, but his hand is free,
And his heart as big as any man's should be.

Then L. A. Chapman, he, whose name and mine Begins the same,—too sober and sedate To indulge in the sweet luxury of rhyme, But in his art he stands among the great, And of his compeers stands one of the giants, And generous to all men, except his clients.

Then next Frank Sheetz, too modest of his worth, Though no weak laggard in a getting gear, Still in his nature there dwells kindliest mirth, And friendship's voice in him finds listening ear, A heart too generous for a selfish scar, — The faithful Aristides of the Bar.

And while the verse indulgent spins along
In naming land-marks worthy of my story,
Col. S. J. Miller smoothly trips along,
The genteel warrior of no martial glory,
Like Tojan Paris, far more fit to wield
Love's tender arrows than a warrior's shield.

Next Patrick Kirby I must not here pass, Most hale and jolly, by no means a loon, He deals out inspiration by the glass, Until one sees a kettle in the moon, Just smooth and generous, still without a sigh, To get ones chink he always shuts one eye.

And N. J. Rensch, Min Herr from Germanland, In altitude and girth he is the same,
A jolly sport is he, and when a hand,
He takes with Dr. Beeman in a game,
Of "Clink and Guzzle," there is so much paint,
That very beer kegs do fall down and faint.

And the eareless Muse might many other's name, Taylor, the Sheriff, alias Buck you know, Leach, the Banker, not less known to fame, Than A. M. Shelton every lady's Beau, And J. B. Tanner e'er to meals on time, All hale good fellows, worthy of a rhyme.

But, I'm not writing of this famous town,
I care not what its past or future be;
And why I give it mention and renown,
Is 'cause my hero loved her jealously;—
Born near her borders, like her pioneers,
His heart clung to her with its hopes and fears.

And twining round his destiny her name, Clung to his heart, and love in verse unspoken Had lisped a tribute for her generous fame; But ne'er was uttered till his heart was broken,— To leave her now, the pent emotion, strong, Burst in the cadences of tribute song.

### TO CHILLICOTHE.

Adieu, Lovely Queen of the Grand River Valley,
In fortune more meet, this fond tribute to swell;
Thy name in this heart shall love's fond tributes rally,
Whose most cherish wish was within thee to dwell.
Accept this fond tribute, unrhythmically spoken,
The heart cannot utter the grief that it feels,
When its beatings break wild 'gainst the chords which are broken.

Its sorrows, unvoiced, into silence congeals.

There are Isles in the seas, and green shores by the ocean,
Where fairest of verdures perennially grow;
But no heart clings to Earth with a fonder devotion,
Than mine clings to thee in this moment of woe.

By the shores there are sea shells, that echo the numbers,
The wild billows sang in their first moanings free,
Oh had I such harp to hang o'er thy still slumbers,
And re-echo for aye love's fond tribute to thee!
There are stars in the skies in their glory resplendent,
There are flowers in the valley more fair than in field,
Twin roses bloom fair in their bowers,—though transcendant,

The beauty of all, yet to thine, they must yield.

In the greenest of valleys thou sit'st, proudly reigning—
The Queen of the Prairie, the woodland and hill;
In Earth's fairest garden, whose splendors, unfeigning,
Ask homage of all, that love's tributes instill.

May bright skies smile on thee, and honor and glory, Crowd thick on thy fame as the years by thee roll, May some true poet's song make immortal thy story, More worthy, than I, the proud strain to control. Still one hope in this grief, as sad love's anxious yearning, Awakes this sad harp a warm tribute to thee.

If when heard the wild note, when this heart's stilled its burning,

Wilt thou call THINE the bard, that this offering made free

Then adien lovely Queen of the Grand River Valley, Adieu, fairest City! May Fortune's proud glow Shower glories thick on thee, and anchor her gally By thee, while the waters of Grand River flow.

Thus, sang our hero, rather sentimental, In verse archaic, yet súffused, with grief, Who erst of poets reeked not a continental, And in their whinings scorned to have belief, Till sorrow touched him and he gladly sought The sweet consolations of a poet's thought.

Sweet Poctry, God bless her, how she clings Close to the Empires, where deep sorrow reigns, To cheer the sombre lines, and gladly flings On every grave a garland, then again Hope lifts his anchor, and that grave, long green, Is a mark of immortality unseen.

The Goddess, whose sweet whispers in the breast Inspire the soul to noble deeds and true; No falsehood breathes, when the still chords are prest To yield one tribute to high virtue due, Hero thou art, immortal, brave and strong, Who hast won the garland of a poet's song.

He, here, resumed his flight across the county, In an Easterly direction for a day, Past Collier's mill, a ruin that no bounty The curious tourist is required to pay, To see its desolation all is free, The yellow hill, where once it used to be.

But here in days, not ancient, grim or hoary,
A mill four stories high majestic stood,
Fronting the West upon a stream, whose story
And name's a myth, winding through gloomy wood,
Its crooked way and sedgy bottoms low,
But yet it is called Medecine you know.

But all is gone, the old mill took a tumble

Into the stream, and floated soon away,
Its timbers crushed and piled in wildest jumble,
Recked not its past, yet, while—home we may say:
"Here was a mill where many a hungry codger,
Got meal to make his "Johnny cake" and "dodger."

Eftsoons he came to Wheeling unobserved, And hiding in a box ear, waited quiet, Till it pulled out. There safely preserved From observation, lone he passed the night, Revolving hope and fear and transcient joy, Uutil he came to Quiney, Illinois.

With but a single dollar, in his pocket,
In that big city he did bravely dare
The fates adverse. He says: "Wealth is a rocket
That is shining wanes. The substance rare
Disolves and scatters, but who learns her arts
Can build new fortunes from the scattered parts."

"In this big city 'tis my firm belief,
I can win fortunes beyond expectation,
Though my success may be another's grief,
I reck not aught except my own inflation,
For fortune's his, by old decree unbroken,
Who keeps his mouth shut, and his both eyes open."

Thus firm resolved he quietly set about,
Surveyed the city all its streets and buildings,
His rustic garb with every style was out,
But his heart cared not for all surface gildings,
He only tried to figure as a scholar,
A safe investment for his single dollar.

The glittering panoply of wealth to him
Was too mysterious for a calculation,
He did not want it with its dark cares grim,
He had no mind for weary speculation,
"That brown stone front," says he, "four stories tall,
Forninst contentment is no worth at all."

But yet there were stern obstacles before him, "Beyond the Alps no Italy" was known,
There were dark clouds that cast their shaddows o'er him,
In this great city he was all alone,
Alone, while thousands gazed and passed him by;
But amid those thousands was no friendly eye.

He hurried on up Main street, stopped to see A woman with a baby at her breast,—
Blind—old—decrepit, and most piteously,
Begging for succor. He no querries prest,
But taking out his dollar, gave her fifty,
And then resumed his journey feeling thrifty.

He did not hear her blessings or her thanks, But still he wandered, how amid such heap Of wealth and splendor in its gaudy ranks, A fellow mortal could in hunger weep;— 'By Jove,' he says, and dashed a tear in fury, 'I never saw such sights in Old Missouri." "Why, back there in Missouri I remember, When Farmer Smith's whole family took the chills, We put his wheat out for him in September, And husked his corn, and cribbed it. To the mills We took his grain, and fed his hogs till fat, Then took them to the market and all that."

"And the neighbor women, all did do their sewing,
And cooking and all other housework needed,
Through all their sickness, their kind care bestowing,
They never left a single want unheeded;
And besides these, some extras them they bought too,
And asked no pay, put simply thought they ought to."

"And I was sorry when they all got well,
For every evening, I would do their feeding,
And Rosa did the milking. O, to tell
The pleasures of these evenings! How unheeding
The labor we performed? Our duty true,
Which brought us there, while Love was working too."

"And in all trouble, 'mong that humble folk,
To soothe all sorrow there were willing hands,
The generous burden was no heavy yolk,
But a welcomed duty. There be other lands
With fairer skies, but when one's sick and lone
He is happy if Missouri is his home."

"Missouri, e'er I must bid thee adieu!
For now I'm exiled, blessing on thee shine,
I build no hope, I care not what's my due,
My proudest heritage is I am thine,
To live with thy sons, inspires that generous flow,
Of joy for other's joy, and tears for others woe."

"For what is wealth, and luxury and power?
When tears must flow and widows cry for bread?
What booths it, if one holds wealth's, proudest dower?
'Twill make no rose couch of a dying bed;—
The Blue Grass and the Ivy sweeter blooms
On graves unmarbled, than on sculptured tombs."

"And earth is man's home, built by God's mighty hand,—
Roofed by the skies,—painted in azure blue,—
The flowers—the trees—the grass—the mountains grand,
Are furniture and carpets to adorn its view:—
The stars, the rainbows, and the clouds, and all
Are but God's pictures, hanged upon the wall.

"So he who usurps, aught 'bove his every need, Is a pirate, robber of his kin and race, His soul is blackened by the scars of greed, His selfish deeds, fair Nature's brow deface;—Proud is the land, where Equality is known, Where every fireside is a freeman's home."

"But these serious speculations, I must leave, That woman and her baby were the starter; May plenty cheer them, but I must not grieve Too much for others. So I must now part her, And seek my wits, to figure as a scholar, To make a fortune from a half a dollar."

Thus up he passed along Main Street, then turned A down an ally,—rather dark and gloomy,
Where through a door and hallway faintly burned A Chandelier, that lit a hall quite roomy,
And ample, where a dozen or a score
Of gamblers, played and bet, blasphemed and swore.

He scanned each denizen of this strange hall, Some bon ton fellows by la table jen, And stakes were high, some pictures on the wall Of women deshabille sans jupe or chemise, Making it all seem rather queer to him, But you know he was no homme qui haite les femnes

But, Honi sort qni mal y pense', He could not help but note each fair proportion, And "entrancing symmetry," as poets say, And Ne vile fano. For 'tis indeed my notion, All thoughts of man would be uncouth and rude, If in each one no woman did intrude.

As round he wandered many looked inquiring,
And even, asked him, if he sought a game,
But he deigned no answer, of their shrewd conspiring,
He was aware, when some did ask his name
And occupation answered with a frown;—
"I'm from the country here to paint the town."

At this each cutely winked his weather eye,
And kindly pressed him;—"Hail thou rustic rover,"
Then next he heard one whisper on the sly;—
"A very tenderfoot and we're in clover."
Then pressed him close the rosy draught to sip,
But he modestly declined the profferd tip.

He passed around to where a wheel of fortune, Was robbing hundreds to enrich some one, The money on the table, each his portion, At every circle either lost or won, Without a word, he laid his four bits down, On Red, and won! the luckiest man in town!

Ten dollars in that throw! he raked it in, And hid it safely in his breeches lining, His kind companions pressed him to again, Hazard an effort, but he bland declining, Excused himself and left them sore dismayed, At the cool, modest nerve he had displayed.

Next, came he to a nickel and slot affair, Where giants boasted of their wonderous strength, Some raised a thousand, others then did swear They'd "tilt a ton," and thus they talked at length, One swearing he was strongest, others doubting, But of their muscles kept continuous shouting.

At last to settle it, it was agreed:—
''That each should put ten dollars on the table,
And he that lifted most or highest lead,
Should "scoup the platter,"—that is who was able
To out lift all, by virtue of his battles,
Should take the whole pile as his goods and chattels.

An even hundred lay upon the board, When modest Huxter hurried to the front, And laid his *decem*, as they loudly roared, The first 950 by a mighty grunt, Then two and three and four and five applied, And it stood 1250 when the tenth one tried.

Then Huxter took his turn and all did ponder, "How foolish he to try, his slender bones,"
Would break to raise a hundred, but no wonder
They knew naught of the woodyard or Old Jones,
And many an athlete in the lists won fame,
By humbler discipline, than a buck saw frame.

#### AND OTHER POEMS.

Above them all, he went two hundred pounds, They gazed in wonder at his hidden powers, Mad hate and envy in each breast abounds, But he took no notice, as in darkest hours He past, he cooly braved these mad carousers, And put the hundred dollars in his trousers.

He then meandered to a corner where,
A shooting gallery was in full blast,
A bold sport bantered him, "he did not care,"
He was a cool shot, and oft in the past,
In Old Missouri it was sport, "how pleasant,
To wing a wild duck or a flying pheasant."

Ten times he shot. Ten dollars every go
Dropt in his pocket, for that was the prize,
The bantering sport rued now too late, for woe
Was his indeed, and hate was in his eyes,
But Huxter cooly pocketed his chink
Without, one "thank you," or "let's take a drink."

The crowd now, seemed to all conspire against him,
There were ominous whispers echoed in the room,
But he recked no warning, threats could never wince him,
He looked more cheerful 'mid the envious gloom:
For round that man contentment's arm is twining,
Whose trouser pockets have the silver lining.

The wheel of fortune, then again he tried, And won two fifty. All were dumb with rage! A game of poker. Fortune still his bride! Five hundred dollars! Who in any age Won fame so sudden? Reader; ne'er be goaded To try to trap a "hayseed" when he's loaded. At billiards next they begged him take a hand, And 'gainst him matched the crack shot of the town, But to their sorrow, as a mystic wand, His cue, a dead shot, brought him more renown, Till all dismayed and beaten by his skill, Ventured no more, but left him work his will.

Full fifteen hundred dollars, was his gain,
And scarcely ten words had by him been spoken,
To him the proverb was made doubly plain,
"Silence is golden," for none knew one token
Of his identity, or what was his name,
Except he was a dead shot in a game.

With marvelous politeness then he rose,
To take a quiet departure from that crowd,
With haughty dignity, to these and those,
He bowed "An Revoir." Though none spoke loud,
All of defeat, the deep chagrin were drinking,
And in their noddles kept a wondrous thinking.

Then next he wondered to l'hote de Quincy, Corner of Main and——Street as you know, Was ushered in the office, rather winey, Yet calm and placid as a river's flow, For self-possession ne'er from him has flown, Who once the gout of victory has known.

To register they turned the book around,
And handed him a pen, just dipped in ink,
He paused and wondered for he ne'er was found,
Erst in a hotel, so it made him think,
How strange that begging here has no restriction,
For "Why should they ask him for a church subscription."

Explanations! Then to write his name, He took the pen with courtesy complaisant, And though apologies were some what tame, Of the poor script, in characters evasant, It stood as orthorpist might plainly trace, Just "Monsieur Huxter Puck," without a place.

The landlord gazed and read between the lines, "Some foreign nobleman in plain disguise;"
For he'd observed that though all outward signs, Of wealth were meager, something in his eyes, And face bespoke a lineage known to glory, And his pockets, lined with greenbacks, proved the story.

So the rumor ran, that some celebrite, Was journeying in cognitio in the town, Though young his years high deeds of heraldry, Had blazoned on her scroll his great renown, And 'tis not the scepter, crown or purpled throne, That makes the king, but just the king alone.

"So a king was here in Quincy," it was thundered And all of fashion's lackey dilettants,

From the whores of——Street up to "the Four Hundred,"

Beneath their left ribs felt some flurried pants,

And yearnings that kind Chance's sage invention,

Might bring him their way with no bad intention.

But the king's sole object now was to be settled,
And learn the ways and manners of his times,
Though new surroundings, strange, his best wits nettled,
He thought his shrewdness might overcome their mimes,
And bear him safely with decorum through,
The social regime with exactness due.

O, mores et tempores wrote some poet, In Classic days, and doubtless he said well, What might he say if 'twere his task to note, The Quips of custom in a modern hotel, With all the new inventions there in vogue, The weary guests' sad troubles to prorogue.

How strange to him, who's lived upon a farm, Until he's grown, this life within a town, It has to him a fascinating charm, Until he's tried it, then he'd rather drown Life's cares in plowing corn or reaping grain, Or driving stock to pasture on the plain.

Now Huxter ne'er had been inside a city, A simple country lad, was he, and born Just North of Chillicothe, and though witty And quick of mind, his early life was shorn Of every social grace, which learning's art Bestows on mankind for to make them smart.

Yet he had picked up many things you know, He'd learned a trick or two at cards and tables, Had felt Love's fiery spark within him glow, And had heard narrated ten of Aesop's fables, And all did say without a doubting glance, He'd be a wonder if he had the chance.

So now his chance came, A true king, unknown'! Hail to thee, chieftain! Blow ye trumpets loud! Wear well the honor which on thee is thrown, By whispered rumor, let thy heart be proud, For Snobs and Flunkeys kneel but to the throne, And booth not if "his Majesty" be flown.

But how to act the king did give him worry,
For he'd caught the rumor as it went around,
So he set about with but the merest flurry,
To confirm the rumor by strange words that found,
Eager ears to drink them in, and eyes
That gazed on his plain aspect with surprise.

First a Taylor's service he engaged, Explaining why his plain attire was so, "That on the Gulf a mighty tempest raged, Which wrecked his ship, and in the direst woe He swam to land alone, the others, brave, Shall hear the last trump from their ocean grave."

"That his own attire was ruined in the struggle,
That a Southern planter found him on the strand,
And robed him thus, and so he hoped to smuggle,
Himself unknown across our mighty land,
But e'er in royalty, men see some prize,
That must be discovered through the shrewdest guise."

"That as they'd seen in him the kingly mien, Though he wished otherwise, he would not say, That ignoble blood did through his body stream, When boorish eyes the falsehood could display, No, 'twould not do his ancestry would frown, On him to e'er deny their high glory and renown."

His host, Herr Slipslop, was by this delighted,
And welcomed him gladly to his tenament,
Of course the Cash, which he by chance had sighted,
About the strangers person gave a tint
Of kinder zest to all the host's gentility,
For Cash in sight will e'er insure civility.

And further Mister Slipslop had a daughter, On whom the frosts of thirty winters fell, All the attainments which his Cash had bought her, Had but one purpose,—that, to match her well, And seek by such to dignify his line, That used to make Limburger by the Rhine.

But Republics are the bane of Royalty,
They laugh at all distinctions.—here a king
Might dig potatoes for a moiety,
Or milk a cow, and even bring
His Royal Highness to shovel coal,
To get a meal, and none would say "poor soul.

Such being the custom, Reader, do not wonder,
That Slipslop's kindest had a hidden meaning,
For sure it made Young Huxter stare and ponder,
To find such grace without an effort's seeming,
For he'd ne'er known that some folks beat Old Harry,
A flattering young beaus, when they've girls to marry.

So Slipslop next with blandest smile presented,
His daugter to our hero. Quick she found
His modest candid nature not invented,
Absorbed her affections with no blundering bound,
Fair maids, beware, these modest candid creatures,
Oft times display the most deceiving features.

And yet forsooth the absorbtion was reciprocal, lle sized her up, a "rather likely maid" "Perhaps for some a little egotistical, Yet still from virtue she has never strayed," And that booths all in judging woman's timber, They ne'er pass muster, when their virtue's limber.

But yet from virtue she'd never been invited, So the narrow pathway was an easy road, To Samantha Slipslop, whose look ne'er incited, The heart of man with passion's firey goad, \_ Ye shades of Anthony and Paris sigh, Here was a woman that no man would try.

And Samantha's mother had from childhood taught her, The wiles of men, so hidden and so gay,

Though ne'er a mortal had in ambush sought her,

The zealous mother oft to her did say:—

"Harm's hand can never woman's virtue squeeze,

Who keeps her petticoat below her knees."

But you, Dear Reader, know she was mistaken, That is if you possess an understanding Of a petticeat's machinery. It has taken Me years to fathom its mysterious banding;—
'Tis like the wilderness of New Grenada, Where many vainly seek the El. Dorado.

But now confound it! Why should I thus quibble, About a petticoat, it is no theme
For my great story. Then away all dribble,
All clouds must scatter in the Sun's strong beam,
So all digression must be laid aside,
And to my story I must now abide.

Our hero 'bove all mystery was puzzled, The elevators set him wild with fright, And the bill of fare his intellect befuzzled, He could not read it either left or right, So he told the maid to bring him all was there, For he was so hungry he could eat a bear. The supper served by servants well attended, He finished all with gusto and eclat, And without Gratias Domino he ended, And resumed his cogitations, what he saw He studied well for quoth he: "what a fake, I'd be, if I should make a single break."

Samantha next invited him to come,
Into the parlor, where a fine piano
Disbursed sweet music, when her awkward thumb
And Deftless fingers swept the keys.—Soprano
Accompanying she sung with just a trace,
Of Tenor, Trebble, Baratone and Bass.

But he soon wearied of her tuneless song, And ventured an excuse to get away, The fact was, Nature's call was urging strong, But where to get relief, he could not say, No barn was near, that he might go behind, Or rail fence with a corner for a blind.

For so upon the farm it was the custom, My rustic Readers well know, and I need. Not be descriptive. The mere hint is justum: Noble simplicity that took no heed, Behind the barn would sit in calm repose, And beard a cold North Wester's frosty nose.

Or upon a rail across the old fence corner, Could contemplate the double duty clear, That meek experience is to all a warner, That honor's gew gaws may be his, though dear The purchase price, that lesson cannot fail That's learned in contemplation 'cross a rail. It fills the mind with curiousness indeed,
The recollections of that comfort rude,
A farm house story that we never read,
Because none prints it. No simulate
Is found between the closet, sponge and pail,
And that old fashioned roost upon a rail.

But Huxter, who the city ne'er experienced,
Was striving the lev loci to find out,
He'd been pointed out the place so closely fenced,
With shuttered doors, and varnished walls about,
A stool within, whose top a mighty hole,
Above which was soft paper in a roll.

The modus operendi soon was mastered,
The modus vivendi seeming very clear,
Though no instructions on the walls were plastered,
"Its very simple" says he without fear,
Pulling a knob up in a thoughtless spell,
When it seemed the bottom dropped and all went in the
well.

Frightened and horrified, when he thought over The full extent of what had happened there, For men drink water, as a pig eats clover, And who'll refuse 'mid thirst's oppressive care; "And now this well will yield no limpid draught, For worse than microbes in each sip is quaffed."

His fears you know were all forsooth unfounded, All know the sewerage of a hotel closet, But his world knowledge by the farm was bounded, So his fright was real over that sad deposit; For a Springal's knowledge near at first can tell, The secret mysteries of a big hotel. After deliberation he decided,
To drink no water while he boarded there,
But lay in stock—good liquors—for he prided
Himself in being a sampler of what's rare,
And potable in every clime and season,
And Judges, Prohibition as High Treason.

And then, when anyone desired a drink, He would disuade them from the use of water, "A beverage that mankind ne'er, should think To touch or taste or handle. 'Tis the daughter Of maudlin weakness, and the mighty brain That throbs and thinks such beverage disdain."

The supply prepared, he hastily considered,
That on Samantha he again should call,
To say, "good night," for distress had out withered
The effusive promptings of his kind heart. All
In him were found, from generous deeds imbued,
Which might be polished, though in nature rude.

In sweet converse a moment he had passed With kind Samantha then, he gently tendered, His farewell words, when each in fond eyes glassed The others smile, and sighs by love surrendered, When Samantha being thirsty sent a call, For water to a servant in the hall.

Recalling the incident above narrated,
Young Huxter quickly countermands the order,
And told her, "ne'er drink water. Though it sated
A momentary thirst, it was the warder
Of poisonous creatures, animalculae,
So small a drop was to them a "great sea."

"But that they lived, and moved, and had their being, Within each drop—great monsters with long whiskers, And legs—and horns—and eyes that do no seeing, And ears—and mouths—and teeth in bony biskers; And scaly bodies,—ending with a tail,—
Shaped like a snake, but horny as a snail."

"That with each draught, we gulf a thousand down, Which grow and burrow like a wandering mole, In the Stomach, Kidneys, Liver or the crown Of Lank Jejunum, or the Spleen's dark stole, Where they find harbor and do feed their jaws, With tissues dug up by their little paws."

"That where they dwell or do become encysted, The cause disease, determined by the breed Of germ encysted. One with antenneas twisted Will cause the Ague,—while another's deed, Will cause the Colie, or the Influenza, Or Rheumatism, Cholera or Quinsy."

"That the modus operendi of these germs,
Has lately by Science been discovered,
And Pathologists in wisdom's modest terms,
Portray their dangers, that so long has hovered
Above mankind. But maladies dread sore
For the "Germ Theory" can afflict no more."

"The cure so simple, something that will poison The Living germ, will cure the whole disease, Then partake of foods that have not an infoison Of germs will, keep thy health in perfect ease, And the prescription, that do most germs slaughter, Is, in thy drinking to abstain from water." "That such, his rule, and if she would but wait; He'd to his room and bring to her a draught, Of soothing Nectar, the same brand and weight, Which Jove on Olymphus with his God's once quaffed, When Hebe was waiter, Hera's fairest daughter, Who filled each cup, but never served them water,"

Quick to his room he hastened, and drew forth Some sparkling liquids in quart bottles sealed, One marked Champagne, one Claret and one Port, With Beer and Ale, a dozen more appealed To thirsty lips:—true gaiety's harbinger;— Among them too was Whisky and some Ginger.

Looking to find a cup to mix the liquor, He took what he supposed the water pitcher, And then prepared a foaming sparkling icher,, So bright that Bacchus could not ask for richer, And then to fair Samantha he made haste, Lest time and seething, should impair the taste.

But when to Samantha's boudoir he again Approached, she blushed and turned to crimson red, And the other ladies in the room just then, Looked at each other in amazement dead, At what he held, no pitcher or no jug, But shades of Baalim! 'Twas a thundermug.

For such he took to be the water pitcher,
And in it mixed the sparkling draught to cheer,
His fair Samantha. O, Great Jove be-witch her,
So that his blunder may not cost him dear,
The draft was fair, but who from such a beaker
Could quaff the reddest wine and not feel weaker.

He offered her a glass, she moaned and fainted, The other ladies all took to their heels, Astonishment his very soul attainted, While ominous terror o'er his senses steal, For some did laugh, while some did loudly scream, But all fled from his presence like a dream.

Answering the summons came Old Slipslop, faunching,—With four policemen,—burly Irish fellows, "Thou vile insulter," said he loudly craunching His teeth together. As he loudly bellows, Fierce imprecations 'gainst his earstwhile royalty, Whose subjects by some mystery lost their loyalty.

"How dare you, thou dirt eater from some land, Whose people drink sow wallow, or the drip "From lousey hen-roosts, or the miry strand Of mucky sloptroughs are the fluids they sip? How dare you, offer to a freeman's daughter The contents of a chamber pot for water?"

So raged Old Slipslop, and young Huxter's eyes Oped wide amazed, and when it dawned upon him His sad mistake, he blushed in blank surprise, And looked so foolish for in truth, 'twas on him The laugh and ridicule of every jade, For mistake which honest Ignorance had made.

"Arrest him," yelled Old Slipslop, and the scion Of jolly Erin hastened to obey, But Huxter roused up like an angered lion, Stood there defiant, asked each one to say, "The crime for which he was charged then and there," Which made the bold Hibernians pause and stare. One thought it might be "murther," while another Said, "it might be petit or grand larceny," "Or even mayhem or attempt to smother Some grievous manslaughter, or high robbery" Or such, he knew, at least without retainer, "It was a felony or misdemeanor."

They pressed him close, he warned them not to dare, And raised the dubious pitcher threat'ningly, And let its contents on one blue coat flare, He yelled "Saint Patrick!" and quite hurridly, With club and pistol in that place did halt him, And straightway in mad fury did assault him.

"Then was a sound of reverly by night"
Four burly Cops were sprawling on the floor,
Samantha from her swoon screamed out in fright,
Huxter had knocked Old Slipslop through the door,
And kicked a negro servant down the stairs,
And choked another till he said his prayers.

Then in a moment with a tiger's spring,
He clutched another Cop who wildly sounded,
A loud alarm, which succoring answers bring,
He broke his grasp and down the stairway bounded,
And found good safty in the darkness deep,
With only freedom, and no place to sleep.

But freedom, was his choice, and if you chose Kind Reader, to peruse his story further, Be patient and perhaps I may amuse, Your fancy with its narative, no other Story has been told of late to equal, His flight from this, his last distressing sequel.



# + Huxter Puck. +

PART IV.

And then in contemplation he'd survey The lambent stars, set in the Dome of Blue. And in the still communion of the ray. His soul in Nature was a being new:— Part and true parcel of the nighty Whole, In the Transubstantion of a soul.

## HUXTER PUCK.

PART IV.

Our hero, now dethroned! Oh Muse, blush not At his ignoble plight. If when you sung On high Parnassus, or in Delphian grot, Where sacred nymphs thy inspired lyre unstrung, There'd been such strange inventions as to-day, Thou and thy nymphs had often gone astray.

Yes, strange inventions, Muse, if I should tell Of half, 'twould weary patience, and the song Would find no readers; though it merits well A score of thousands, all its echoes strong Should be remembered, as the sage intentions, I have in counting up our strange inventions.

We have inventions for to cork and bottle
Our fruits and vegetables and liquids all,
The puffing Iron Horse, reined up by the throttle,
Flies'cross our prairies like a cannon ball;
And then we have monopolies and rents,
And cupon notes, known best as "ten per cents."

And inventions strange indeed, known in Theology, "Salvation's Plan," and sins of disbelief,
Minutely scheduled in their Anthropology,
By inheritance we take them as a fief;
But inventions, that are most prized by the ladies,
Is, "when they marry, they need have no babies."

Had Jove known this, his jealous wrath had ne'er Hanged mother Juno from high heaven's floor, And jealous Vulcan could his shop repair, While his spouse with young Apollo played the whore, And said contentedly:—"why should I heed Their amours will no bastards bring to feed?"

Jove often worried on Olymphus' hill, About the Ambrosia and the Nectur draught, That gentle Habe, oft against her will, Served at his table, while his gods there quaffed The simple fare, without so much as caring, What toil and worry Jove had in preparing.

Yes, and the Thunderer, it is also told,
Oft shivered in the cold November storm,
His teeth did chatter, and his nod so bold,
Frowned on Prometheus 'cause he was not warm,
And bound him on Caucassus' frosty spires,
For telling mankind how to keep their fires.

Also, in clothing his Olymphian brood: The Thunderer often passed a restless night, His spouse cruel Juno, when in gayest mood, For lack of decent clothing, was a fright, And Venus had no peticoats or caps, But did her flirting all in Nature's wraps.

But all his trouble was because the mind, Of man had not supplied him with inventions, All base Anthropoglots who kept him blind, Such were his Deities in all contentions; Sad were his hours among his heavenly throng, Had not sweet Music tuned her inspired song. Sweet Nymph of Song, blest c'en in olden days,
Before Great Jove's high throne, thy numbers first
Were heard, where gods entranced, thy sweet strain praise,
Then next on mortal ears the echoes burst,
Awaking the melody of music fine,
The inspiration of thy "Tuneful Nine."

Thy song immortalized what e'er it named,
Jove and Olymphus lives but in thy song,
And Apollo's lyre, and Cupid's arrows, famed,
Would to-day be as traceless as the sands along,
The shores of buried Troy, or Samoan wave,
Whose sluggish waters was the Phrygian's grave.

And great Leartes' son, so famed and brave, Who passed unharmed through Cyclops fell domain, And frosty Colchos, and Charybdian wave, And Sylla's terrors, and the Siren's strain, So great his name, and fair his form to see, That a goddess loathed immortality.

Yet of his deeds and name, we would not know Unless, great Muse, a child of thy fond care, Had touched his harp and waked the rhythmic flow, Of song heroic. Noble grand and fair Shines every deed that clusters round his name Who finds in aimless song, a deathless fame.

Thou, Spirit of the Ages that has glassed,
The rise of nations, and Empires' decay,
Of all the scenes thy traceless mirror passed,
And heroes named in trumphery's array,
He is the greatest, who in dreams have sought,
The tribute of sweet Poetry, ne'er bought.

So if, great Muse, my hero thou disclaim,
'Tis only his desert, for erst you know,
He scorned the wreath that crown's the minstrel's fame,
And recked as foolish the sweet rhythmic flow,
But then, we've seen that sorrow made him rue,
And at thy shrine he paid devotion due.

And another change, his dreamy soul did thrill, For, as we've said, life had a serious turn, And compunction stirred his conscience to fulfill The vow long made. And though now late, the urn Of love still held its ashes, treasured fair, Was still his Rosa in her beauties rare.

And so he now by sorrow and regret,
Resolves in earnest to amend his way.
Oh Muse, dispise him not, but only let
Him have the inspiration of one ray,
To sing the thoughts that fill his troubled brain,
And the music will foretell his nuptial strain.

Now for myself, I'd rather not get married,
Though most folks say, "young man, you'd better wed,"
'Tis servitude indeed, though softly parried,
With Love's sweet dalliance, and I scorn to tred,
Where slavery usurps what freedom's given,
"'Tis better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven."

But he sore tossed by Fate's deceitful frown, Sighed for his Rosa in grief's restless woe, Fairer than Venus were her locks of brown, And dimpled cheeks, and modest blue eye's glow, So leaving by all cynic's ways, profane, In Honor's name "he'd wed her without stain." So the next morning, from his hiding place,
For know you by keen searches he was sought,
He penned her a letter, in which he did trace
The burning heart throbs of his soul's deep thought,
Amd told her,—"come forth with to Quincy's shore,
Where he would meet her, and "they'd part no more."

"He'd meet her, there, and they would fly away
To some unknown land, where they'd build a cot,
Where no Society save Love's soft sway,
Would rule their customs in their sylvan grot,
Where glad as the Sky-lark at the morn's bright hour,
Their songs should mingle tuned by Love's sweet power."

His letter sent, for days he waited long, And the tedium of expectancy made life, A weary burden for his young heart strong, Oh! but for sweet hope he would fain the strife, Were fought and ended, for his heart most sore, Sighed for the prairies of his native shore.

And for the answer, long in close disguise, He sought the post, and watched each coming train, But ne'er a word did bring the looked surprise, Or bring Love's hope back to him once again, But still he waited, watched, and longed the same, Seeking vainly "the letter that never came."

For three weeks thus, his weary days were passed, And a heavy gloom o'er spread his buoyant soul, Unknown, though thousands swarmed around him fast, Ne'er dared he recognition, for the goal Was open for him, and if caught, the pay, Would be six months, if it would be a day.

Of evenings often, when his lonely heart, Felt the burden of existence far too great, To carry without aid of friendly art, Or sympathy, he'd sit alone and late On the bank of the Great River, eying sore, The rugged bluffs of Old Missouri's shore.

And then in contemplation he'd survey
The lambent stars, set in the Dome of Blue,
And in the still communion of the ray,
His soul, in Nature, was a being new,
Port and true parcel of the mighty Whole
In the Transubstantiation of a soul.

And then, he lost the cynic's ways profane, For Nature teaches naught but honest Lore, And simple truth, without one falsehood's stain, And ridicule dwells not upon her shore; Sweet Nature, kind, the noblest and the best, Are suckled of thy silent, tender breast.

And then the Poet's ways he would essay,
For lonely sorrow tunes the Poet's lyre,
Ah Poetry, thou voice of Nature gay,
Breathing the whispers of a heart's desire;
So kind in thee, to come when grief is sore,
And with thy music sing, back joy once more.

So, as he sat there in the entranced night, Upon the bank, beside that mighty stream; He struck the lute, and music's silvery light, Mingled its sweetness with each starlit beam, And his swelling heart in deep emotion strong, Of his Native Valley, wrought this tribute song.

## MISSOURI.

Take me back to Dear Missouri, the land I love most dear,

Where the fireside flame burns bright with quenchless glow,

Where kind hearts are e'er awaiting, and friends that have a tear,

For every heart o'er burdened and in woe.

Take me back, my dear dead kindred sleep beneath her blue grass sod,

They loved her woodlands deep, and prairies green,

From the hills that rise upon her breast their souls went up to God,

In the living hope of Faith's immortal sheen.

In her valleys let me wonder, on her hills let me reside, Where the soft breeze sighs in music through the trees,

Where the waving wheat fields golden brown sway like the billowy tide,

And the perfume of the clover scents the breeze.

Where the Robin and the Red bird sing in music all the day

And the Plover and the Blue Jay answer free,

When the April flowers adorn her vales with fairest blossoms gay

Then Missouri is a Paradise to see.

When the Gold and Russet Autumn hues adorn her woodlands fair.

And the falling leaves lie thick by bower and streams; The softness of the evening breeze, that stirs the mellow air.

Makes Missouri seem a fairy land of dreams.

When the Christmas song rings gladly and the frost is on the pane,

And the Flowers of Autumn sleep 'neath winter snows; The healthful glow that 'dorns' the cheek of every hardy swain,

Is as ruddy as the blush upon the Rose.

Take me back it is my own Dear Land, though others may be fair,

To me they are an exile—drear and lorn,—
Let me dwell in the land whose homes each have a vacant
chair,

With welcomes, -waiting for the stranger worn.

Then take me back and let me live where my dead kindred sleep,

Upon Missouri's happy peaceful breast, And when life is o'er, I ask no tears of friends to o'er me weep,

But beneath her Blue Grass lay me down to rest.

The strain scarce ended, when a piteous groan,
Was heard close by, he quickly hastened near,
And found there sick, abandoned and alone,
A Dying woman, with no friend to cheer,
Holding a child that suckled at her breast,
While the death dews on her shrunken features rest.

She was "a sinner," as the world might say,—
A Magdeline, perhaps if all were told,
The pitying hearts of all would only pray,
That her sins were too forgiven as of old,
Were her's who worshipped with no doubting will,
The dying Nazarine on Calvary's hill.

Her dying lips refused to tell her name, Or her betrayer, but did sadly plead His pity to o'erlook her offspring's shame Of birth, and in sweet Charity to heed Its wants, and for her helpless baby care, And heed a dying mother's last sad prayer.

He promised it protection, then her eyes Turned to the skies, her trembling lips in prayer, Uttered her thanks in words of tenderest guise, From off her parting soul was one less care,— Then calm resigned, and free of Earthly jars, Her spirit went forth to "the Land of Stars."

Alone there on the shore with the strange dead, He had no time to heed suspicious fears, As when War's sombre hues its sorrows spread, There is no time for requiems or tears, "The Dead save not the Living, and 'tis vain To jeopardize the living for the slain."

So he though loath, yet still by fear compelled, Deigned not to tarry for sepulture rite, For Nature's first law had too long withheld Its danger signals to quick hasten flight, For now close nearing were pursuing feet, Which hastened his departure up the street.

He hastily-snatched the baby in his arms, From its dead mother's bosom, and a sigh Of pity stirred within him, but the 'larms Of nearing danger bid him quickly fly,—So lingering not for contemplation new He and the baby were soon lost to view.

Up Main Street, down an alley to a park
In which were shady Arbors, quick he fled,
Then hiding closely in the shadows dark,
He rested nnobserved until the dead
Of night was on him, then with due fruition,
He thought upon his querulous condition.

While hiding there with every nerve a quiver, Fearing the policeman's searching eye,
The babe's least movement sent an icy shiver,
All through him as he softly pressed it nigh
His manly breast, a little flannell ball,
Beseeching heaven not to 'low it squall.

But what to do to give it safe protection, From danger's ban insure a true preclusion, And escape himself all danger of detection, That was the problem that now asked solution, But he figured with a vengeance long and well, And how he solved it, I shall quickly tell.

Across the park, just at the North West corner, Stood a large two story dwelling painted fine, Where lived good Mayor Anderson, no scorner Of politics, for in them he did shine And had won laurels, wealth and high renown, For now he was "the Mayor of the Town."

From where he sat within his arbor shady,
Our hero saw through the thin window shades,
Two silhouettes of Anderson and lady,
Retiring for the night, and as dim fades
The lamplight in the room, they side by side
Enter the dream realms of Sleep's conquering tide.

"What is a home without a baby, certain There's such a place, and sad that such should be, Doubtless there's better grief behind that curtain, And a baby's presence would change all to glee, At least they may if they do only try Accommodate a baby better than I."

The thought to action, slyly through a window Of the back kitchen, silently he crept, With no design or evil inuendo, He sought the bedroom where the Mayor slept, Stealing like a burglar through the hall But Malum non prae sumitur in all.

No, some may do a deed, for which another Would do time, say for twenty years or ten, And forsooth 'tis best that oft an erring brother, Finds chance to full redeem himself again; For even the just fall seven times a day, And their justness is untarnished, so they say.

But the intention is what makes the crime, "Malice a-forethought" is the legal phase, And my bold hero, ne'er at any time, Intended wrong in all his curious ways, And 'twas no harm to give a bright eyed baby, To this childless couple, Anderson and lady.

So silently he stole into the room,
Where the worthy couple slept the peaceful sleep,
The lamp burned low, without the jolly Moon,
Through the gauzy curtain took a winsome peep,
And noted the design of this strange Homo,
By "Chi da presto raddoppia il dono."

In the half twilight, he beheld a scene, Sweet as the echoes of a twice told tale, There side by side in peaceful sleep serene, On their couch connubial, where no griefs assail, Good Anderson and wife reposing lay, In the dreamful glories of Love's lethian sway.

The scene so peaceful, made him trembling pause, As the Cimbrian trembled before the mighty eye Of Caius Marins, when Minturnean laws, Decreed what Roman honor would not try, But gave permission to barbarian gnome, To slay the seven times Consul of Old Rome.

In beauty heightened by her quiet repose, Good lady Anderson's fair face he sees, Her ivory neck, below doth fair disclose, The long fringed drapery of her white chemise, Fringing her bosom like a wreath'of snow, Concealing the fountains of life's nurturing flow.

One fair plump arm above the coverlid, . Ending in soft lily fingers light, The other by her swelling bosom hid, Was cozened in the pillow snowy white And scarcely seen, except a snowy ray, Of beauty never seen by light of day.

On the outerside slept Anderson wrapt gloomy, In the sickly rays of the low burning lamp, For not one moonbeam on his pillow roomy Did deign for e'en one moment to encamp, All the partial moonbeams left his pillow, shady, To concentrate themselves on his good lady.

He quietly laid the little babe between
The sleeping couple. On the dimpled arm
Of Mistress Anderson, in calmest mien,
It rested without sign of hurt or harm,
While the little hands in playfulness appeared
Cloying softly with the Mayor's sandy beard.

Then quietly stole he from that sleeping couch, While a merry chuckle quietly he suppressed, He knew old bedlam would his wrath avouch, When Anderson and lady woke from rest, And sure what wonder, here two in one bed Found on awaking, there were three, instead.

Out in the darkness, again all alone
In thought remissive he felt that one vow,
Had been fulfilled, and though, to all unknown,
Doubtless the angels would record it now
Beside his name upon their record long,
To balance in his fate all grevious wrong.

For the homeless bantling he had sure provided, At least his mind well meaning did suppose, "And that good couple, when surprise subsided, Would bless the favors that so well dispose," And this thought cheared his weary meditations, And he freely gave himself congratulations.

But scarce an hour, good Anderson awoke, One look! A yell! He jumped out on the floor! His lady frightened from a young dream woke, And stared most frantic, while the Mayor swore! But the little varlet calm and fair to see, Slept the soft sleep of happy infancy. Now, Anderson had lately got married,
Three months before a widow, was the bride,
And he on points of doubting had not parried,
But yielded submissive to Love's conquering tide,
Imagine then his feelings, most dejected,
To have a baby long before expected.

A wee sma' baby, happy in its time,
But out of time a rather cumbrous blessing
The troublous wight, whose every artless mime,
Grates heavy on the heart, while it carressing,
Not like all other things, that some good grace,
A baby is all wrong, when out of place.

And here was one, and how, and why it came? Unbidden as the locusts or the weavel, Poor being, irrespons ble, without name, Surely thy adverted des no harm or evil, Though Anderson might rage, or swear or pray, It seemed its intention was with him to stay.

Now Anderson, we said three months before, A widow married, whom he shortly courted, A dark suspicion just one moment bore Upon his mind, but that was quick deported, For 'twas indeed a falsehood dark and bold, For this wee baby was scarce one month old.

And when doors were locked, and every window barred It made its advent, which so sad dumfounds him, And he felt that Scandal would the fact enlarge, And tittering whispers would all times astound him, And falsify the tale, though right and true, Forsooth that baby made all things look blue.

He snatched it up in anger raving wild, While Mrs. A. looked blank in sore amaze, That at her bosom was a new born child, Without maternity's sad bitter phase, And her wonder deepened as with strangr surprise, The quick waked baby oped its little eyes.

But what to do or act, he did not know, How would he meet the questioners on the street, At him their laughing looks would jeering glow, As the jolly fellows he would hurrying meet, Alas, alas, a baby is no play, When it makes its debut in the improper way.

But the little torment, not one moment thinking,
That it was the causa belli of the house,
Laughed, looked shy, and smiled, and even winking,
Though Anderson was crazy as a mouse,
He'd throw it out the window, no he wouldn't,
He'd kill the bearer, but just now he couldn't.

But something must be done, and that with care, The babe was here, came there without behoof, When doors were shut, as to the twelve at prayer, The Pentacostal tongues came through the roof, And evinced its presence by exciting speech, In the good Mayor, that no art could teach.

But what to do was still the question awful, And his good lady was now getting riled, And accused him then and there of things unlawful, Which made him rage in veriest frenzy wild, He seized the babe, and jumped about the floor, And says "by G—d I'il fling it out the door."

But his good wife had still a generous heart, Though rumor said, "she'd tript once in her time," Her womanly instincts had not lost the art Of pity for the helpless. Virtue prime In her big soul still glistened like a star, Which rumor could not blot, nor even mar.

So leaping out of bed, she seized his arm
Before he did that deed of desperation,
And bade him the poor baby do no harm,
For surely it did not its own creation,
"No some strange Providence was the designor,
And to their care and custody consignor."

So she took the babe, and scanned it very closely, In the bright lamplight, noting every dimple, And to sooth its fright she even spoke jocosely, As she unwrapped the soft folds of its whimple, When plainly on a white card writ they see, "Guard well, whatever heaven sends to thee."

"Guard weil, whatever heaven sends to thee,"
Thus said the kind wife, who was most religious,
And to obey such mandate, she would swim the sea,
Or any feat no matter how prodigious,
So she quickly bade her husband to relent,
"That the baby was a gift from heaven sent."

Obedient to the mandate, though ficticious, She showed warmheartedness indeed not cold, For her good soul was somewhat superstitious, And she was a Seventh Day Adventist, I'm told, But the Creed booths nothing, if the heart be kind, That noblest perquisite of mortal mind. Her kindness made her anxious to obey, For helplessness there pleaded in distress, What if the mandate was by fiction's sway, 'Twould not detract from Charity aught less, And her faith when Charity asked tribute due, Allowed no fiction, but supposed all true.

The charge accepted, she at length obtained Good Mayor Anderson's co-operation,
For what High Heaven had for both ordained,
Should be accepted without hesitation,
And she found that heaven ne'erasks, but well provides
The means, and good collateral besides.

For in a secret fold of the babe's trapping, About two hours after she by chance did view, Another note and folded paper, wrapping Six hundred dollars, in good greenbacks new! On note and fold she reads the same decree, "Guard well whatever heaven sends to thee."

Then doubt no more, the Mayor was converted, The Divine origin of the decree
Was plain established, and no mind perverted
Could a single falacy in such proof see,
No human agency could so endower,
And give a baby at so strange an hour.

Our hero hid around for several days,
To know how fared his protege and his plan,
And learning its success, and how the praise
Of all was bruited for the happy man,
Whose wife, kind Heaven did such favors show,
It set him wild with eestasy to know.

The vow fulfilled, no need to linger longer,
For the orphan bantling he had found a home,
And his heart each day with yearnings fond, yet stronger,
Sighed for his lost love, loathing still to roam,
He set his wits, although with some fears wincy,
To get his habeas corpus out of Quincy.

And now in Quincy, I am told there lives
A lovely maiden, blue eyed, young and fair,
Of whose strange erigin a legend gives:—
'That angels brought her to a mansion there'
Yes, brought by angels, and none one doubt brings,
For many heard the rustle of their wings.

"At midnight hour, and she an infant then,"
Which no baptismal waters had yet laved,
Had the angels known that "she was born in sin,"
Their angelic ministrations, they d have waived,
But they did not know this, for some dogmas true,
Many good, kind angels fail to oft review.

But she is fair, surpassing, kind and sweet, Oft musing sits she 'mong fair Nature's flowers, Each bloom, like fairy Sylph, doth bend to meet The rosy lips, which first Love's bloom endowers, For besides the angels, there is not a few Devoted hearts, that love this maiden too.

And Angela Anderson is her plain name,
Assumed, of course, from the kind hearts whose care,
Reared her from infancy, while modest fame
Treasured their kindness in endearments rare,
For the angels, who there brought her, were to blame,
For not telling them her family and name.

And Grandames tell her story o'er and o'er, In serious demonstration they explain, How angels brought her to Earth's frigid shore, And how they guarded her from grief and pain, It may be true, some angel may have led, The helpless bantling to their nurturing bed.

But what has Angela, and angels kind;
To do with my bold hero? Naught, forsooth,
He knew her not, and I could never find,
That he ever heard of angels, Love or ruth,
But still I wot 'twas he writ the decree,
"Guard well whatever heaven sends to thee."





## + Huxter Puck. +

PART V.

I scorn not Creeds. I only here suggest A widening of the Creed of Love in al.: Each has the germ of Good within its breast, And each may grow beyond old dogmas' thrals. Oh! haste the day, ring in the happy year! When Religion is, what drys up every cear.

-PAGE IN



## HUXTER PUCK.

PART V.

As when a rabbit from a dog is fleeing,
Oft circles round to track again the way,
To confuse the scent, and when the dog not seeing,
Will squat beside the pathway, and there stay;—
So Huxter fled one night, and many a round
The policeman tracked him, but he was not found.

But he must from the city get away,
The hue and cry was raised throughout the town,
And they might find him in the light of day,
While in the night he could elude their frown,
For darkness is a cloak of mercy free,
To him who flees for life, or liberty.

So quick he hastened to the western border Of the big City, where he saw spread nigh, The Mighty River, flowing e'er in order Of princely majesty, as when the eye Of brave De Soto glassed it, in whose wave He found his immortality and grave.

"Oh Mighty River, flowing to the sea, Emblem of Freedom,—washing prouder shores, Than sacred Jourdan,—Danube or the Dee,— Or Rhine, the Alpine child, Or where the Moors Met Spain's Chivalry,—Grandalaquiver's flow, Compared to thine, is but a ripple's glow. "And Tiber, whose waves washed the marble feet"
Of Imperial Rome,—the Mistress and the Queen
Of Nations, though proud famed in record sweet,—
With thee, how lowly is proud Tiber's mein?
Majestic River,—mighty is thy sway!
Thou'dst drink a thousand Tibers in a day!"

"And lands, far fairer than Italia's vales, Adorn thy shores, their fruitful harvests wave In cooler breezes than the Tuscan gales, And blueer skies,—stareyed, smile on the grave Of Nobler dead, than Latiums silent home, Where sleep the treacherous denizens of Rome."

"The Spirit of Progress in thy wave is glassed, The plenitude of power rests all in thee, No crumbling ruins of a forgotten past, Bespeaking times barbaric, when the free Were slaves,—beside thee is not known A single monument that's Ivy grown."

"No, all are young, and big with throbbing life, As a teaming woman, and a happier day Is waiting for Thee, when the lust and strife Of anxious Greed shall from men fade away,—And on thy banks all Nations shall behold, The harmonious rule of Equity not Gold."

"I love to dream and think a day will dawn, When Earth shall know but happiness, and tears That now well freely from worn eyes—care drawn, And lack their lustre in their youthful years Shall cease, with pangs and wants that comforts need, All the base heritage of selfish Greed." But still, how vain, the soul may hope and dream,
And picture befter days, in sunnier times;
When stilled's the heart, through which Hope's shadows
stream,

And long forgotten are my feeble rhymes; I fear, Alas! life still will have the scars Of Greed, of Crime, Despair and prison bars."

"And yet, in the deep recess of the soul
Of humblest mortal, there may burn the fire
Of Genius—smouldered, which might well control,
And solve the problem of a world's desire;
And bring true bliss in plentitude sublime,
The dreams oft pictured in Utopian clime."

"Age of Invention, let thy wonders speak,—
Steam bears on iron wings Earth's products far,
And Lightning from the clouds, a subject meek,
Is chained to Science's triumphal car;
Whose wheels majestic—rolling still afar,
Link human progress to the highest star."

Light pierces Darkness, and Myths disappear, As Cobwebs brushed from off the parlor wall, While Fictions, that oppress, dare not draw near, No Rights Divine doth Freedom now appall, The hoary Past was Superstition's rule, We pluck not Roses from a stagnant pool."

"Then let us dream, and hope and strive and toil, With eyes fixed Starward, not for heavenly meed, But to bring to Earth with all its woes and moil, A part of Heaven, that the cruel Greed Of Avarice may soften and his thrall Shall vanish in prosperity for all."

"In that glad day of Brotherhood, who'll gaze In envy at the honor that is thine, When on thy banks the swelling anthems raise, Of a nobler Religion, now unknown, which Time Shall bring to light, when the Godhead shall be:—Love, Brotherhood, and sweet Equality."

"Tis true, old Creeds abide, and I do love Their mystic theses, shines and altars grand, And the sweet communion with the powers above, Are consolations that our hearts expand, But in this they fail, though high the spirit goes, They lack communion with poor human woes."

"I scorn not Creeds, I only here suggest A widening of the Creed of Love in all; Each has the germ of good within its breast, And each may grow beyond old dogmas' thrall, Oh! haste the day, ring in the happy year! When Religion is,—what drys up every tear."

"A tear is a forced sacrifice to Sin,
A smile is an oblation to sweet Love,
Both may be holy, for the heart within,
Long may be laden, still with hopes above
Both joy and grief may mingle, still I leer
A smile is ever holier than a tear."

Then hale the Creed of Gladness, when a smile Of joy shall dry the tear on every face, When Greed shall loose his power, and those who toil Shall reap the fruits, and honor will not place His crown on brows dishonored with the stain Of hypocrisy, while Charity, they fain."

"For 'tis man's fault, that mankind has to weep, When has God failed a plenty to provide, The rains ne'er fail, and silent dew drops sleep On golden harvests, Nature does not hide Her wealth, but all her Treasury is free, Save man from man withholds the nurturing key."

"What of the Past is chronicled, is woe, All red with cruelty is the dark sad tale, Chains clank, and Martyrs bleed, where'er we go, From Marathon to Appomattox, there's a wail In every trump of fame that greets the ear, Which shadows every glory with a tear."

"We read of War which mighty heroes makes, Wholesale murderers which no laws indict, Accursed War! abhorrent Nature quakes, And the war steed's nostrils flare in angry fright, Hot with the goad, refusing mid the storm, To trample on a fellow being's form."

"Though dark the Past, there is a ray of hope, We stand upon the moraing, 'tis the Dawn, A better day for mankind yet will ope, The morning star is risen, soon the lawn And field will brighten by the glorious sun, When the reign of Love and Brotherhood's begun."

"Oh Mighty River, through no record tells
Of scenes along thy banks in Eons old,
Doubtless strange history in silence dwells,
Wrapt in thy mighty waves ne'er to be told,
Loves, Wars and nations may thy banks have graced,
And like thy sand drifts been from view effaced."

"But we only know thee in this modern day,
Thy banks have been a refuge for oppressed,—
A sanctuary secure, where all might lay
Their Armour by, and on thy valley's breast,
Build a free home, and there in Peace benign,
Erect their household gods above the fireside shrine."

Such thoughts as these, ran through our heroes mind, As he gazed in silence on that mighty stream, Love to its greatness did prophetic bind His humble heart, which swelling in the beam Of glorious majesty sought to portray, The shimmering glories of a better day.

Upon the bank alone there 'neath the stars, In night's sweet stillness, such a peaceful hour, Made his soul loath life's struggle and the jars Existence brings seemed to his sense o'erpower, "Oh weary Life, thou flickering flame of grief, Save in Death's oblivion there is no relief."

'And Oh! Cruel Death, art thou the end of all?
Thou—Tripple Night, that never knows a star;
Is there a morning? Do thy shadows fall
At other Dawnings? Is there seen afar
Light through the Darkness? Alas! van the eye
May scan thy shadows, but no ray is nigh!"

But night dreams like day dreams, all must have an ending,

And these reflections which chased through his brain, Sober and lonely in the dreary blending
With the stern stillness, which around did reign,
Changed for decisive action, for his ear
Caught sound of quick pursuer coming near.

He fled up to the bridge, but saw there guards, Then turned and down the river took his flight, Far south of Quincy, where he found vast yards Of sand upon the shore, and fearing the light Of day might yet betray him, on he fled, Along the bank where er its windings led.

Across the stream, perhaps a mile or more, He saw the rugged bluffs of Old Missouri, And love for its domain stirred his bosom sore, And forced desire into a reckless fury, Oh how to reach them in this midnight grim! The only way, most desperate, was to swim.

But he was a swimmer of experience tried,
Oft had he ridden on the turbid breast
Of mad Grand River, when its foaming tide
O'erflowed its banks for miles both East and West,
And Grand River is a cruel stream, whose wave
The tears of bereaved sorrow often lave.

And Love inspired the deed, as in days old Of Grecian glory, burning Sapho's eye Inspired her lover by hot passion, bold, To brave the Stormy Hellespont, and nigh To the full fruition of his love's hot dream, Found watery grave beneath the briny stream.

But his flame was his Rosa, the sweet child Of young love's morning, still through joy and hate His heart yearned for her. She by passion wild, The sweet twin angel of his soul, both late And early mourned in anxious frenzy sadder, Since the misfortune of the falling ladder. With her was Life, away from her was Death,
A living Death, and though prescribed and hunted,
He purposed to return and seek by stealth,
Her humble home as often he was wonted.
In Love's sweet sunlight for to view her face,
While her form he clasped in Love's sweet fond embrace.

Oh, when the heart feels Love's first magic touch,
The limitless emotions of the hour
Is an eternity of joys, so much
That the heaving heart throbs loose their wonted power,
And in the thrill of Rhapsody each seems,
To live in the glad ecstasy of dreams.

But we, who are born of Western sires, you know Are not the dreamers of the Southern climes, Where Rose and Hyacinth their fragrance blow, And Dahlia round the Olive branches twines; No, we in business and in love are practical, And in acquiring Love's ambition, very tactical.

For instance, when the mystic glances glow,
And Cupid's arrows quiver in the breast,
Not like Hidalgo with his sombrero,
And foolish serenadoes, no we rest
And talk quite serious, though we're somewhat charry,
Then hug and kiss, and then you know, we marry.

Such being resolved within our heroe's mind, He made his preparation for the sail, By leaving useless luggage there behind, Upon the bank, for should a stubborn gale Impede his progress with a heavy sea, The lightest draft would surest safety be.

His clothing rolled up in a parcel handy,
About his loins, he in a girdle tied,
Then quaffing a farewell draft of brandy,
He flung the bottle in the rolling tide,
That the river's god might sniff and be auspicious,
And make his arduous journey most probitious.

Then leaping in the flood, the waves are started, By his discumbered limbs, at whose strong blows, They rage and foam with liquid lips wide parted, To gulf him down, but not more proudly goes, The wind filled sail upon the mizzen strong, Than scuds his form recumbent above the waves along.

But what dread monster this, with eyes of fire Bears down upon him breathing smoke and flame? A steamboat belching as in agony, While tongues of fire shot out from every seam, And crevice, from the mizzen top to keel, And licked around the pilot at the wheel.

He knew not what it was, but did suppose It was some fiery dragon, as we hear There was in other days, and fear arose And made him tremble on that watery bier, But dauntless still, toward the far distant shore, He onward swam, as he ne'er swam before.

In fifty yards of him, the monster stopped,
Then groans and shrieks arose above the din
Of screeching whistles, ringing bells, while lopped
The licking flames above around within
The monster's keel e'en 'bove the mizzen high,
They form a pyramid into the sky.

"The boat's on fire," full thirty voices scream, And in that fiery womb were twenty more, Ten leaped through the red wall into the stream, But helpless sank, and 'bove them bubbled o'er The frothing waves which into eddies mold, The liquid requems for ten hearts, now cold.

Upon the front deck were two lovers young,
Together clinging in distraction sore,
The bride's gown is aflame! The bridegroom flung
His cloak around her, as he wildly tore
Flames from her hair, but all in vain, Death came,
And two charred bodies lay there in the flame.

The brave young captain had five life boats lowered, Upon the lea side, but a turning wind,
Drove the fierce flames above them, and o'erpowered Their efforts then to reach them, all behind
Wildly pushed forward, and the Captain brave,
With ten Companions, found a fiery grave.

Wilder and wilder, still the mad flames rage!
That human holocaust all helpless dies!
Some pray and call on God, and youth and age
Moan, scream and tear their hair, but still the skies
Are whitened by the livid blazing fire;
A dreadful hecatomb of misery dire!

One mother Clasped her baby to her breast,
Then flung it wildly in the livid flame,
Then as by frenzy's demons overpressd,
She tried to snatch it back! Alas, the same
Red blaze that wrought her nursling's tragic death,
Bore her soul skyward in its fiery breath!

Then shricks and moans, and moans and shricks arose! One wild explosion shook the midnight air!
But the lit lightnings could not full expose
The earth quake horror of that awful glare!
The boat leaped up and burst, a blazing ruin!
In scattered fragments over the waters strewn.

Huxter, all this, time beheld this scene,
Of awful death there floating on the wave,
But seeing the drifting life boat intervene,
He'd essay to rescue from a watery grave,
Those who might float around the bubbling holes,
Where to the bottom went some fifty souls.

He found one clinging deathlike to a spar, It was a woman, delicate and weak, Into the boat he raised her, one black scar Defaced her temples, while oozed down-her check The crimson current, but life still appealed And another life in that life was concealed.

For, as he raised her, it seemed that her touch Sent a dread shiver to his very brain,
But the gloom and darkness hid the light too much,
That recognition by the eye was vain,
But that limp form there swathed in the foam,
Had something in its touch, which made him groan.

He raised her in the boat, and on his knee He pillowed her fair head, and from her hair Wrung the cold liquid, then the tresses free He combed straight with his fingers, and with care He chafed her arms and cheeks and forehead white, While his burning eye balls almost screamed for light. He loosed her bodice, as he gently turned, Her form recumbant on the watery floor, Of the leaking life boat, that must soon be spurned, For fast 'twas sinking and, the nearest shore, A half mile off, and Night's thick darksome gloom, Decreed for both, 'Death and a watery tomb."

All in a moment the life boat went down,
As Huxter snatched his burden to his breast,
And leaped from out the eddy's foaming crown,
Determined still for life to do his best,
If but the Darkness might disclose a star,
To discern around him e'en one floating spar.

Close by in some three rods, there was a bar
Of sand and driftwood formed in the mid stream,
'Bout two feet 'bove the wave and perhaps not far,
From ten square yards of surface, with a seam
Of moss and ivy at the central cone,
A happy haven in that darkness lone.

For as he struggled 'gainst despair and flood,
And with one arm held the lithe form 'bove wave,
Striving to swim or float, he happily stood
On terra firma, and o'erjoyed he gave
A shout exultant, as with steady hand,
He laid his burden on that welcomed strand.

Just then the full Moon from behind a cloud,
Burst in full splendor on that lonely isle,
The flect waves danced in tender beauty proud,
When the beams fell on them, with their glorious smile,
Of the reck and horror, that this night oppressed,
No trace was seen above foamy crest.

All calm serene, the awful havoc now,
The lost crew and the fated boat. No sail
Floats on the surface. Night will not allow
One tell tale witness of the horrid tale,
'Neath the mad waves, their changless graves shall be,
Till the Trumpet wake the dead beneath the sea.

The form he rescued, lay upon the strand, He turned the fair face to the pitying moon, "Great God! 'Tis true! Oh what fell hand Has brought thee hither to thy certain doom! My Rosa! Darling, speak and only give One answer kind, and tell me you still live!"

For 'twas his Rosa that there lay before him, Had left her home by Love's pure spirit guided, Seeking to find him, to again restore him In her heart's favor, that had ne'er subsided, But had yearned for him always in that holy strain, Of sacred love, which lasts, and knows no stain.

In answer to the letters he had sent her,
She came, 1 and long her coming was delayed,
A vigilant guard at home sought to prevent her,
From seeking the hero whom her heart's pulse prayed,
And here they met, at such a place and time,
Not rivaled in the annals of all rhyme.

As the hunted deer pants sadly for her young, In the pursuit, and finding them bleats wild, With the same emotion, our strong hero flung His arms around his Rosa, and beguiled His tears, his joys, his griefs, with pleadings low Delirious in the ecstacy of woe.

NOTE I. The usual route, twenty years ago, from Chillicothe to Quincy was to go by railroad to Hannibal, Mo. and from there, by steamboat, to Quincy.

He wrung the liquid from her streaming hair, His kisses brought the blood back to her face, He touched her eyes;—They opened! Oh the fair Blue azure of the orbs with every trace Of deathless love to him, and yet so near. The brink of death, benumbed his brain with fear.

Kneeling beside her with beseeching eyes, He cuddled her as fondly to his heart, As a mother clasps her offspring ere it dies, When love by grief distracted has to part With all that's dearest, there is in that woe A grief too bittsr for mankind to know.

He kissed her parted lips, they seemed to move He kissed her cheek, it purpled with the glow Of life returning, and the quick pulse prove, That again life's currents doth resume their flow, She moved, she spoke, and even called his name; The tones his griefs to rhapsody o'ercame.

Slowly her strength returned, and all her fear Was, by his kind endearments, kissed away, And his brave words awoke a happy cheer, On that drear Island, there they'd wait the day, When rescuing hands would find them, and restore Them softly to their native land once more.

For three long hours upon that little isle,
They waited, and the full Moon neared the West,
Then the kind stars shown out, their lovely smile
Made Nature seem one harmony of rest,
And the ethereal freshness of the Dawn's pure air,
Made Love awaken to Hope's dream most fair.

And in that dream, O, ecstasy untold! Sweet dream illusive, but too fond to die, Dream on sweet Love, thy vistas dear unfold 'Neath the star flect azure of thy rainbow sky, Dream on, O, dream, for soon alas the stain Of care will blast the vision, dear though vain!

In the wrapt mystery of soul and brain,
A world all undiscovered, ah a universe
Lies hidden deep within that small domain,
The sentient realm, from which Love's beams disburse,
Spreading their beauties o'er life's frigid way,
By the simple scinetillation of a ray.

Oh in this world, if Science might review The flowery glades, and hills empurpled green, Where Hope's bright stars shine in lustrous hue, In the twilight azure of Love's deathless sheen, Where the heart's sealed future is displayed afar, Oped by Love's sunrise and closed with a star.

Ah, woman, thou art brave, when by the altar, Thou plegest vows connubial. 'Tis a deed Worthy of hero, should thy weak heart falter Doubtless kind fate would bring the surer meed, But thy heart's fond longing finds in Love its own, And soothes its yearnings on the wedlock throne.

Such dream, and hope, and prophecy, was here
On this lone Island, and the promised vow,
'Mid all the terrors whispered fond and dear,
When rescurer's hand would baffle danger's brow,
Love would unite them in his happy way,
And a woman's true heart was there pledged for aye.

But hark, what terror new? The little Isle, Seems sinking in the flood! they seek its crest, That's soon submerged, the heartless stars do smile, While sickening horror fills our heroe's breast, "The River's raising!" Oh the angry flow! And the white caps sailed by laughing at his woe.

She flung her arms destracted 'round his neck,
He pressed her to his bosom, but the waves
Laughed coldly at them. Oh, how small they reck,
To blast Love's fond dream by two watery graves!
Her weak heart sank, but she at last could pray,
But he, alas! ne'er learned the beadsman's way.

She prayed him for to leave her to her fate, He alone, could swim to the far shore, He hushed her words, and loathing to debate, Of what life would be, when she was no more;—"No Rosa, darling, the cruel heartless wave, Must save us both, or else give both a grave."

At this resolve a calm o'erspread his mind, No time for prayer, the waters now o'erflowed The little Island, and he could not find A floating spar by mercy's hand bestowed, But the rising waters in mad billows rolled A howling by, in fury uncontrolled.

The nearest shore, Missouri's; how his eyes
Did lust for the fair haven. But alas!
A furlong distant that fair haven lies,
While the taunting billows mock him as they pass,
For in a half hour the small Island's crest,
Will lie two fathoms 'neath the billow's breast.

At the awful danger all his spirits rose,
The mocking waves exulting, made the fire
Of his brave soul their terrors deep oppose,
While he looked defiant on their mockings dire,
And even laughed at all the terrors grim,
And between his set teeth muttered,—"we will swim."

As the green Ivy clings unto the Oak,
She clung to him, he cheered her sinking heart,
Fear had not yet his dauntless spirit broke,
And his coolness, hopeful courage doth impart
To the clinging form about him, one sweet Rose,
Nurtured for sunshine, not for Terror's woes.

As the skilled Marriner, when in the storm, Cuts sails and spars, and throws into the sea Whate'er o'erweights the struggling sea bark's form; So now our hero, all his courage free, Flings to the wave whate'er might discommode, His power or motion on the watery road.

Then next, his Rosa, he disrobed in haste, Her wet drenched clothing, gave he to the wave, 'Twould weigh like lead when on the foamy waste, They struggled to escape the watery grave, Then the least burden, would a mountain be, And sink them forever in that foamy sea.

Her soft white form, a Venus passing fair, Her lightsome limbs and arms of garments free, Would float more safely, though the erst cold stars, Now blushed in pity on her misery, And the bashful Moon now boldly shone more bright, To give them on their journey better light. Disrobed of all her drapery, sad and brave, She stood there trembling in the awful flood, Heeding each kind word that her lover gave, A pure chaste woman who has faithful stood To Love's true virgin vow, whose holy fire Has brought her hither to this danger dire.

Her chemise of light muslin in a zone, He girdled bout her waist, and in one fold He safely tied his money, then made known To her his dauntless purpose, grand and bold, To swim to shore across the watery track, And carry her there safely on his back."

Then bout his neck her soft white arms he drew, And she locked them tightly beneath his chin, One word of caution, for he said but few, That was to keep her courage up, and when "He fought the billows on the seething ocean, To let his arms and legs, have freest motion."

Then leaping forward, two strong strokes divide The frightened waves, away his struggling form Scuds on recumbant o'er the angry tide, He'll ride triumphant through the angry storm. Good Cheer! Ye ho! swim on, my hero free! Thou bravest Marriner, that's sailed the sea!

Half way! He sinks! Oh no, he still strikes on! Three fourths! He weakens! But the track behind, White with foam, tells that one danger's gone, And new strength gives new courage to his mind, They again press forward! alas, he sinks once more! But his foot finds anchor on Missouri's shore!

Quick as the sparrow turns its succoring wing To its wounded offspring, whose weak pinions fall, So he round his Rosa two strong arms did fling, Who o'ercome with rapture could not master all, The joys and dangers that her fate did sway, She lifeless on his bosom swooned away.

Up the rough bank he bore her in his arms, Her nude form clothed "but in modesty,". The enravishing beauty, and the sensuous charms Of her perfect form in beauteous symmetry, Exposed so cruelly, made the very flowers Blush red and crimson on their grassy bowers.

High up the bluff he found a mossy bower, Beneath the sheltering cover of an oak, He laid her down, and then each modest flower Spread its leaves o'er her for a drapery cloak, A sleeping Venus 'mong the flowers was there, The nursling of Love's tender, anxious care.

Leaving her there to sieep among the flowers,
As fair Proserpina in days of old,
And fearing not stern Pluto's jealous powers,
Though such might tempt him from his nether hold,
He hastened away on the fleet wings of love,
Unto a farm house in a distant grove.

He called, the farmer answered and came out, But gave a yell of awful fright to see, There in the darkness, without myth or doubt, A weary pilgrim of all vesture free; His story sad, touched the kind rustic's means, And he gave to him his new suit of blue jeans. Arrayed quick in the farmer's Sunday clothes, Then the rustic's wife in night robe did appear, And to her he told so piteous all his woes, "About his Rosa and the dangers drear, They'ed met and conquered, and her present plight Clad only in the drapery of night."

The kind house wife quick hastened to her dresser, And drew forth some garments that the ladys wear, Their names I know not, and I am no guesser Of what makes a lady's wardrobe, but with care I've noticed there are many tucks and ruffles, Ne'er seen about the wearer in her truffles.

Then down to the River the kind woman hurried, And bid him follow, but to wait when near Until she called him, then with feelings, flurried, She robed fair Rosa with the kindest cheer, In dry warm garments, which when tied each band, She called her lover, who was close at hand.

Then Huxter took her in his manly, arms,
And bore her gently to the farmers home,
Where on a soft couch, free from danger's harms,
Sweet rest brought back new life, no more the foam
Of angry waves could peril the repose,
Of his blue eyed darling, his heart cherished Rose.

And now his praise was bruited o'er the State, The peerless swimmer, the heroic heart, Who had saved his lady love, although sad fate Rumored his errors, but such could not part The glory of the Romance from its flow, Grander than Sapho's in the long ago.

And at Chillicothe o'er and o'er again,
His tale was told, and Mrs Jone's flurry,
By the maid confessing to a venial sin,
Brought his acquittal in a happy hurry,
For "while she'd walked bout in her sleep up stairs,
She'd strayed into his bed room unawares."

And when to our City, both quite soon returned,
They were given an ovation! Such a throng
Turned out to meet them, from some friends I've learned
That the procession was full three miles long,
And men and women all sang loud his praise,
And wished them both, long life and happy days.

Then Huxter and his Rosa happily married, And all his youthful errors were forgiven, Two lovely boys in Love's kind dalliance tarried, Till their third year, and then they went to heaven, Their little spirits knowing not the woe, Their departure gave two loving hearts below.

They laid their little bodies in the ground,
And pitying friends tried hard to fill the grave,
That in these two devoted hearts was found,
Bereaved and broken, and to grief, the slave;—
Huxter and Rosa! what their grief forbids?
When their blue eyed darlings lay 'neath coffin lids.

And soon they followed, when the autumn leaves Were falling thick and fast, they laid them low In their narrow beds, the Muse is all that grieves O'er their eventful lives, too short their flow, A grass grown hil, unmarbled marks each bed, In our own dear "Silent City of the dead."

And there they sleep, their two green graves are seen, Close by Ben Bolt's, 2 a bard, whose fate was drear As "his sweet Alice" though his fate was mean, His name recalls in pity now the tear; Sweet singer, well I know thy dream most strong, To engrave thy immortality in song.

And thou, who pens so thoughtless these sad lays,
And recks, not as the winds, how flow their tide,
Of a nameless singer, who in happier days,
Might have entranced nations, with new songs untried;
May it be thine to give thy lowly name,
A long remembrance, by one worthy strain.

And now farewell, kind Reader, let me say,
We've wandered through five weary scenes together,
Our hero was a strange and curious jay,
And we've laughed at him in calm and stormy weather,
But now he's déad and gone, the guerdon's won,
To meed the weary labors he has done.

Farewell! farewell! we may not meet again,
The song is ended and the dance is done,
If the careless Muse touched an unworthy strain,
Her deeper soul would fain a nobler one,
So now in parting let true kindness weigh,
With charity the errors of her lay.

NOTE 2. Refers to Nelson Kneass, the author of the Music to the song "Ben Bolt." He is buried in the Chillicothe Cemetry.





## A FEW PRESS COMMENTS.

North Missouri is destined to furnish one of the greatest authors of the century, in the person of L. A. Martin.—Caldwell Republican.

We predict that this little book, ("Random Flashes"), is but the forerunner of greater things yet to come from the pen of this highly gifted young Author.—Gallatin Democrat.

L. A. Martin is one of Missouri's coming men, to judge by the record he has already made. In Literature he is a writer for several Magazines, and has published three books, two in verse and one in prose,—all works of merit.—Linneus Bulletin.

He is not only devoted to the study and practice of the law, but his range of thought embraces literature and art, and is the author of several volumes of great merit.—Boonville Democrat.

L. A. Martin is fast becoming recognized as one of Missouri's young Authors. He is styled Chillicothe's Poet Laureate, and is rapidly acquiring fame in the literary world.—Jonesburg Journal.











0 016 165 324 A